The HEART OF CENTRAL AFRICA

By JOHN M. SPRINGER

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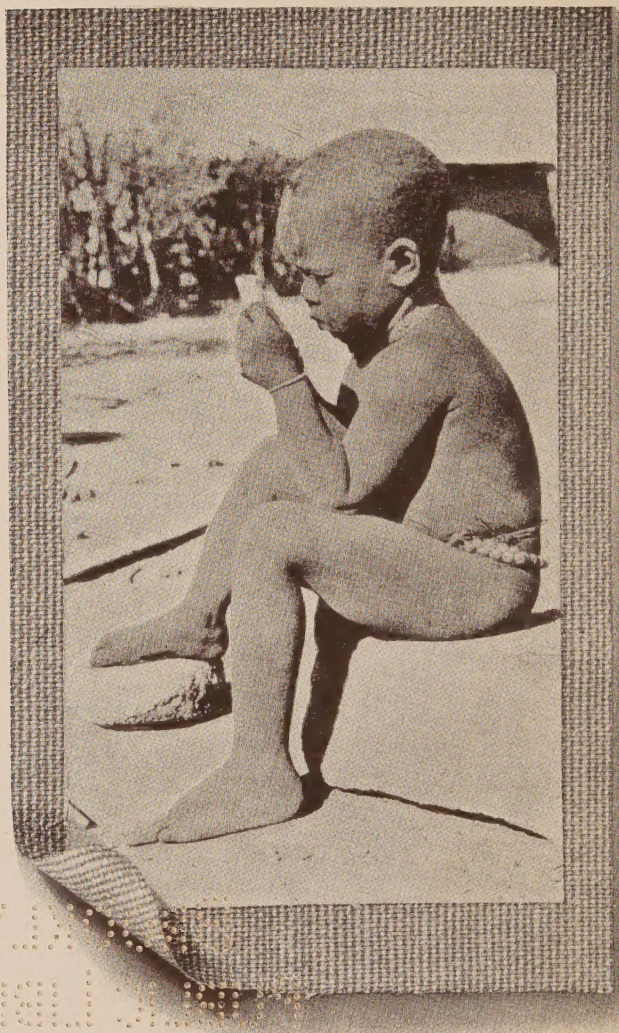

YOUNG AFRICA—A CANDIDATE FOR EDUCATION.

THE HEART OF CENTRAL AFRICA

Mineral Wealth and Missionary Opportunity

By

JOHN M. SPRINGER

With an Introduction

By

BISHOP J. C. HARTZELL

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
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To

My Wife

WHO
HAS SHARED
WITH ME
OVER 3,000 MILES
OF TRAVEL BY NATIVE
TRAILS IN AFRICA

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

BY BISHOP J. C. HARTZELL.

This book, which gives the story of a journey across the Continent of Africa, is full of incidents and illustrations, showing how conscientious people may be led in ways they knew not; what life is among the natives in darkest heathenism, and also describes stirring events incident to the advance of civilization northward toward the heart of the continent, especially as illustrated in the extension of railways and the opening of mines.

The manner of writing is excellent; the descriptions of countries journeyed through, their people and natural resources, are entertaining and instructive; while the stories, often pathetic and thrilling, of camp life and of scenes witnessed on the march are intensely interesting.

The information in the first chapter concerning the beginnings and permanent founding of the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rhodesia, on the east coast, will be read with interest, as will also the glimpses given in the

closing chapter of work by the same Church in Angola, on the west coast.

The author, the Rev. J. M. Springer, B. D., is a graduate of the Northwestern University and Garrett Biblical Institute and is a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He entered upon his work as a missionary in Rhodesia, South Africa, in 1901. The same year Mrs. Helen E. Rasmusen, for two years a missionary on the Congo under Bishop Taylor, was appointed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society to the same field. These two journeyed together from America to South Africa, and in 1905 became husband and wife. When granted a furlough in 1907, they concluded to cross the continent from Umtali, on the east coast, to St. Paul de Loanda, in Angola, on the west coast, and from there sail for Europe and America. They had made several missionary tours in former years in Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa, and were prepared to realize something of the difficulties of the journey they were undertaking.

This book will be valuable to those who are studying the opening up of the great Continent of Africa, to the civilizing and Christianizing influences of our day. President-elect William H. Taft has recently said, in one of his admirable

addresses on Foreign Missions, that the most accurate and valuable information from foreign lands comes from Christian missionaries. They live near the people, are conscientious observers, and write with intelligence. We have Mr. Taft's judgment confirmed in this publication. The great events in the exploration of the continent have been completed and given to the world, and what the student of Christian Missions in Africa is now anxious for, is definite information concerning various sections. Northwestern Rhodesia, through which the book takes us, is under the British flag. Government has been established and the processes of advancing civilization are going forward. The native populations are sure to be great in numbers as the country prospers. The agricultural possibilities are good, and enormous wealth, especially in copper mining, is assured. In a few years there will be railway facilities from both coasts, east and west, as well as from Capetown, nearly three thousand miles to the south. But, as in many other parts of the Continent, there are yet no plans for the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ. Everything is favorable; the appeal of the heathen native is pathetic; the proffered co-operation of the Government in lands and subsidies, as well as that of the new settlers, is sincere.

To the ministry and people of the Methodist Episcopal Church this part of Africa has a special significance. Ever since Bishop Wm. Taylor projected his line of missions into the interior from St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast in 1885, there has been a feeling that that line should be extended across the continent. Later, with the development of the work on the east coast, my heart was stirred with the same ambition, and I visited the country north of Victoria Falls and received offers of lands and co-operation from the Government. This great achievement was in the mind of the author and his wife when, upon their own initiative, they planned their trip. A few months ago the Rhodesia Missionary Conference met near Victoria Falls. About fifty Protestant missionaries were present. Rev. Robert Wodehouse, of our own Church, was president of that historic gathering, and he has added his earnest plea that the Methodist Episcopal Church should have a part in the salvation of this section of the continent. The concessions of land offered to him correspond in strategic value to those made to myself, and now to Mr. Springer, several hundred miles farther to the northwest. Somewhere in this region the Methodist Episcopal Church ought, in the very near future, begin work. The conditions are all favor-

able, and one well-equipped mission in Northwest Rhodesia would be the first of others to develop eastward and westward. The call of God is clear. If we do not occupy the field in the near future, others ought to do so, and will. It is the old question of financial resources. Men and women are ready to consecrate their lives to the blessed work, but they must be supported, and there must be money for transportation and buildings and equipment.

In recent years, in view of the marvelous things which have transpired on that continent, the Christian world has been saying, "Africa's day has come." That is true, so far as Divine Providence can usher in any day of redemption for a race or continent; but Africa will be redeemed only as the followers of Christ recognize the divine preparation and furnish the means to make that preparation effective.

January 1, 1909.

FOREWORD.

YOUNG AFRICA READY.

Sitting in the ashes around our kitchen fire, which, by the way, was in the open, with only a piece of canvas fastened over four poles to keep off the rains, was a half-grown, half-clad boy of perhaps thirteen summers. He was dirty—exceptionally dirty is perhaps a truer designation—and his sole garment was a strip of dark-blue cotton cloth two yards in length, which was tied around his loins. The cloth was so dirty that, to the uninitiated, it would have been hard to classify it. But as in the Broken Hill region all cloth is divided into three parts: the blue, the white, and the ginghams, I recognized the class to which this belonged.

He had sat around that fire perhaps a week, when a sudden vacany in our domestic staff required a boy to bring water at once on a Saturday afternoon. Benjamin was sent to ask our male Cinderella if he would do the job. This,

apparently, was the opportunity for which he had been waiting, and he thenceforth became a part, an inalienable part, of our household economy. The inanimated, dejected, forsaken-looking figure was transformed as by magic. By degrees the dirt disappeared, and with an increased wardrobe he developed into quite a respectable youth. He made himself incessantly useful (often to our embarrassment) in the culinary department. And he further announced that he would accompany us on the trail.

Although in a week's time incredible changes had been made in the boy, yet, when I saw on the morning that we were to start that all ten of his toes were raw and sore at the ends from jiggers, I felt that I could not take him on the trail. I pointed out to him that evidently he would not be equal to three or four months' steady marching some twenty miles a day, that the country ahead of us was unknown and the people wild and hostile, which would make it unsafe for any one who might need to be left behind. I told him further that I could not afford to take any one along who could not carry a load, and reminded him that he was already three hundred miles from his home, and that he might not see it again if he went along with us.

In vain. He said that he would not be left behind, that his feet would get well, and that he was able to carry a load; but go he must, and go he would, for at the end of the trail was a school, and there he would stay and learn the Book.

So he went the whole fifteen hundred miles, and we left him in the school at Quiongua, in Angola, where he was converted within six months, and the transforming power of the Lord Jesus is working wonders in his heart. That is Songoro, or, as he was known to us, "Kitchen."

There was a big, raw-boned Mutabele, Jacob, whom I found in a camp at Broken Hill, a man of perhaps thirty, who had worked for years on railroad construction as a "linker-in," for which he had received large wages. A day or two before we were to set out he came to me. "Master, I want to go with you," he said. "My heart tells me I want to be a teacher to tell the people about God."

"But, Jacob," I replied, "you have received big money for years. If you go with me to enter school you will get no money at all for two or three years, while you study, and after that as a teacher your wages will be very small. The railroad wants men, why do n't you go to them? Also, if you go with me you will have to carry a load (this was

a class of work far beneath the station he had occupied for years, and was a severe test for him), and there will be but little money in it after all."

"O Master!" he exclaimed, with a pathos and earnestness that stirred me, "if it were money I wanted I would go to the railroad. But it is n't money I want. My heart is troubled," and he placed his hand over his heart, "and God tells me I must be a teacher. I know that the path is long and the road hard. I have half a load of my own things, too. But I 'll carry all I can for you and help you on the road. I must go." And he went.

Word had gone out that I wanted carriers for a long trip, and one quiet boy came all alone and was engaged. He said that his name was "Jim." He, too, like Songoro, was from a tribe, a different tribe, where no missionary resided. He said that he wanted to go the whole four months' journey with us. A week later, when several of the carriers were beginning to grumble and wanted to turn back, Jim came to me and said that he wanted to go to the school at the end of the trail, the school where Songoro and Jacob were going. So he, too, tramped on quietly and patiently, like old Jacob, until he had covered the fifteen hundred miles and reached Quiongua, whence comes recent news of his conversion.

We had gone four hundred miles and came to Kambove, a mining camp in the Copper Belt. We rested there three days. The second day Songoro came to me saying that he had found a brother in the camp, working on the mine, and showed me a lad of eleven or twelve years, named Sondo. He said that Sondo wanted to accompany us and go to school. Now, the word "brother" as used by an African does not necessarily indicate blood relationship. These two boys were from the same tribe and village, and so they called themselves brothers.

Accordingly Sondo joined our caravan, took his load of thirty pounds, and made his way westward, where he, too, has been converted. It was Sondo who discovered another "brother" among the "indentured laborers" of a Portuguese plantation near Quiongua. This man had been seized and carried to the west coast, where he had been sold to the Portuguese as a slave. Alas! we had no power to free *him*, but the other four boys have escaped a worse slavery.

Thus it is almost everywhere in Africa to-day. Young Africa is waiting, ready, and anxious for something he hardly knows what. And he is ready to work, ready to walk, ready to sacrifice for it. These four instances are but a few of the many. Truly, Ethiopia waits with outstretched hands!

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CHAPTER I.

BEGINNINGS.

Verily facts are stranger than fiction. And nowhere is this better illustrated than in the story of the Old Umtali Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rhodesia.

In 1896, Dr. Joseph C. Hartzell was elected Bishop for Africa. Immediately after his election there came to him the vision of a large industrial training institution to be installed somewhere in the southern part of the Dark Continent and under the flag of Great Britain.

It was in that very year (though all unknown to him at that time) that the British South Africa (Chartered) Company decided to move the little four-year-old town of Umtali to the other side of a range of mountains, ten miles away. The Chartered Company had decided that it would be cheaper to take the town to the railway than to bring the railway to the town.

Although the town was so new, there were already a dozen or more brick buildings with iron

roofs. When the question was put to Cecil Rhodes as to the future use of the old town-site and its buildings, he replied, "Make a mission of it."

This grant was still providentially in the hands of the Chartered Company in 1897, when Bishop Hartzell first arrived in Umtali. Negotiations between him and the administrator, Earl Grey, resulted in the town-site of Old Umtali of 1,000 acres of land, together with twelve brick buildings, and the commonage adjoining it, another 12,000 acres, being turned over to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The company had compensated the owners of these particular buildings to the extent of more than $100,000, and they were worth fully $75,000 to the mission.

In 1899 the buildings were finally vacated by the company and Old Umtali was formally dedicated by Bishop Hartzell for an industrial mission. At this dedication there were present of our missionaries Rev. and Mrs. Morris W. Ehnes (Umtali Academy), Rev. J. Hunter Reid, Rev. and Mrs. J. L. De Witt, Mrs. Anna Arndt (later Mrs. E. H. Greeley), and Mr. Herman Heinkel. Mrs. Bishop Hartzell spent some time at the Mission this year, and began work which later developed into that of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The next year Mr. E. H. Greeley joined the forces, and in June, 1901, another party arrived: Rev. R. E. Beetham and Miss H. E. Johnson (now Mrs. Beetham), for the Umtali Academy; Mr. Geo. M. Odlum, Mrs. Helen E. Rasmussen (later Mrs. Springer), and the writer.

In course of time the jail and its cells were converted into schoolrooms; the magistrate's office became the doctor's dispensary; the court house a hospital, and later the boys' temporary dining-hall. At that time an elimination of letters by the boys made the sign to read "Our House."

The post and telegraph office became the hospital operating-room; the jail compound, the playground; the library, a residence for the farm overseer; one store, a residence for the principal of the boys' school; another store, a stable and smithy; the bank, a house for strangers; and sundry office buildings, dormitories.

The two-story Masonic Hotel, having sixteen rooms, became the mission home. Its large billiard-room made a spacious drawing-room, where the District and Annual Conferences were held, and at the invitation of the mission became the gathering place of the surrounding white population for occasional social purposes. Its bar-room was used for a dining-room, and more than one passing guest

remarked that this was the first time he had seen *tea* served *there.*

The church was continued in its sacred use; services being held for the whites in the morning and for the natives afternoon and evening.

One beautiful bungalow up on the mountain side, a quarter of a mile from the main buildings, was named Hartzell Villa by its first missionary occupant and was deeded over, with thirty acres of land, by Bishop Hartzell to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for a girls' school.

Another charming bungalow near the compound was used as a residence for the mechanical teacher. This house was named Oleander Cottage, from a very fine oleander tree in front of it.

The grounds, too, underwent many changes. The straight, unshaded streets gave way to curved roads and walks and park-like arrangement, and was set out with shrubbery, in keeping with the character of the institution.

In 1905, by mutual arrangement with the government, an adjustment regarding the land was made, whereby a large part of the commonage which we had found we could not use in the work of this particular mission, was exchanged for various tracts of land elsewhere, as desired, and of an equal number of acres; the mission at old Um-

tali retaining in all 3,000 acres of land, to which the Church holds final titles.

During the first two years the missionaries at Old Umtali necessarily gave much of their attention to clearing up the grounds and carting off the loads of tin cans, broken bricks, whisky bottles, and quantities of debris, with which the place was strewn. And they also put about forty acres of land under cultivation and began school and religious services.

In the latter work there were serious handicaps. There was almost nothing in print in or concerning the native language of Mashonaland. The natives generally were unwilling to help the missionaries to learn their language and were equally indifferent to the school. On the whole, they were inclined to stand apart and view the white man with suspicion, trying in vain to fathom the motives which had brought him into their country.

There were no interpreters, no native teachers, no evangelists, nor native Christians to help. None of the Gospels had been translated, and there were but a few hymns and the Lord's Prayer in the vernacular.

It was a beginning at the very beginning, and at great odds.

The ancient rule is, "First catch your hare." Now, the nearest native village, or kraal (pronounced very significantly, *crawl*), was six miles away from Old Umtali. The natives wanted nothing of the white man except money or its equivalent. They did not speak nor understand English, and none of us spoke or understood their language.

An important phase of the work was the visitation of the people in their villages, and in this work the writer took particular interest after his appointment as superintendent of the Old Umtali Mission, in 1901.

Taking a small tent along, I went first to the nearest kraal. There was a chieftainess here by the name of Shikanga; the *shi* is from *Ishi*, Lord, and *kanga*, a guinea fowl.

This kraal consisted of fifteen huts just at the base of a steep, rugged hill. These huts might easily have been mistaken for round hay-stacks. They had been placed anywhere, there being no regularity in any Mashona kraal. Men, women, children, dogs, goats, sheep, and chickens often occupy the one small hut at night, while hoards of rats run riot over everything.

I pitched my tent in the midst of the jumble of houses, for I had much to learn. I soon found

that added to the rats were swarms of fleas, numerous ticks, and several varieties of other vermin. After that one season's experience I ceased to camp inside a kraal unless I had to.

But the worst was at meal time, when some twenty or more naked, dirty—O, so dirty!—youngsters all gathered round me to watch with open-mouthed astonishment and hungry eyes every mouthful I devoured. I often felt a sudden loss of appetite as I beheld them, and frequently a goodly portion of my food went down their very willing throats. And not infrequently what had gone down my own throat refused to stay when the smells and sights got worse than usual.

Shikanga gave her consent to our building a hut in her kraal for the use of the mission people who might want to come for a day or a week; but she clearly stipulated that they were not on any account to preach against the sin of getting drunk. She was a little body, not weighing more than ninety pounds, but she was the daughter of the king, and she knew it and made every one else know it. Her word was law in that kraal.

I engaged about a dozen men to work on the hut; but I was new in the country, and most of them had not been used to working on contract or, in fact, much at all, and so I got the worst of

the bargain. They played up on me, and I was unable to tell them just what I thought of them.

If there were a threshing bee or the breaking of a new garden in the neighborhood, they simply disappeared, only to return at night full of beer and very boisterous. And Shikanga never missed any occasion that promised a drink. You could hear her a mile or more away as she came back from one of these social events. My tent was just a little distance back of her hut, and one night she kept me awake nearly the whole night singing and yelling at the top of her voice. The charm of novelty of living in a native kraal soon wears off.

Early in the morning while it was yet dark I would hear the women grinding their millet for the day's rations. I tried to get used to eating the thick, chocolate-colored mush they made of this meal, but it was too gummy and contained too much grit to suit me for a regular diet. The natives take off little bits of it, which they roll into a ball, dip it into some kind of gravy, clotted milk, or greens, and then throw the ball into their mouths and swallow without chewing. And this is the proper way to eat the sticky stuff, but I did not get the art.

Shortly after sunrise all the girls and women would have left the kraal to go to their gardens—

for it was in May, their harvest time—and I would be left with (or without) the men who were putting up the hut.

Towards evening they all began to return, the women and girls with heavy bags of grain or bundles of firewood on their heads, and possibly a baby on their backs, the small boys with the sheep, goats, or cattle they had been herding, and the men from visiting, or sometimes from threshing, where plenty of beer had been promised.

The women then cooked the evening meal, each wife a separate dish for her husband.

Now and then a dilatory wife would get a beating, but when they were sober the men were rather inclined to be peaceable, and before eight o'clock all would be quiet, each woolly head covered with a cloth or blanket, on account of the rats.

Up among the huge boulders, where the big baboons used to come daily and give all sorts of impudence to the people whose gardens they delighted to rob, was the village smithy. It consisted of a circular roof of poles and grass, under which three or four people might, by crowding, sit. The blacksmith had a bellows made of a goatskin which had been drawn off over the animal's neck. Three of the legs were tied up and the fourth hind leg used for the nozzle, the neck being so arranged

that it would let in the air during an upward motion and the operator would hold it closed while pressing the air out through the nozzle.

He made his own charcoal, and by means of two of these goatskins, one in each hand, he was able to get up a blast sufficient for all purposes of working the native smelted iron into axes, knives, hoes, spears, bracelets, anklets, hammers, and rings.

One day I heard musical sounds as of a flute in the distance. They drew nearer, and soon a peculiar figure dressed in a very scant loin-cloth and a heavy black coat swung into the kraal. He was playing on a reed flute of his own manufacture, while he held a rattle ornamented with an antelope tail in the other hand. He came up to me, and for about a half hour tooted and rattled and danced. At first I did not know whether he were a lunatic, a witch doctor, or what, but found out that he was only a wandering minstrel and was doing this performance for something to eat.

It took two weeks to get the hut finished, plastered inside and out with black mud, the mud floor pounded down by the women and ready for occupation. This was the first hut erected by our mission in a native village in Rhodesia and it was dedicated with a "crowded house," which gazed in

wonder and admiration at the stereopticon views of the Life of Christ. This hut was used considerably during the next four years, until Shikanga moved away to obtain fresh garden lands.

Leaving one of the missionaries at Shikanga's, I next went to Guta, the capital of the Manika, twelve miles north of Old Umtali.

The king of this tribe always bears the name of Mtasa.* Each successive sovereign builds his town on a new site, in order that the spirit of the former chief may roam undisturbed around the place of his burial and where he has reigned.

This Mtasa had selected a natural fortress for his capital near the top of the mountain Bingahuru. This defense was necessary, for the pastoral Manika were ever the prey of the bloodthirsty Matebele and the warlike Shangani.

There were troubles within the tribe as well. When this Mtasa as a young man should have succeeded to the kingship, one of the strong men usurped the place. Young Ufambasiku (the-one-who-walks-by-night) was obliged to live among another tribe and could only make nocturnal visits to the capital. Finally, aided by the treachery of one of the usurper's wives, he was able one night to lure

* The *m* in this name, as in many words in the language, has the half-suppressed sound of *u* before it; *a* has the value of the long Italian *a*, as in arm. Mtä-sä.

his enemy outside his hut, cut his throat, and secure the throne.

Until the advent of the white man, Mtasa had reigned an absolute and despotic monarch of the country. "Whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he raised up, and whom he would he put down."

However, he readily entered into treaties with the British when they came and, to his credit, kept those treaties, though later on he chafed sorely under his curtailed power whereby he could not even give one of his subjects a well-merited beating without being liable to be called to account. So he clung the closer to all his old traditions and positively opposed all mission work. And, though he welcomed me to his kraal because he was sick unto death and wanted me to cure him, he would not let me build, but set aside huts for my use.

It was not my first visit to this paramount chief. On a former occasion I had had a rather amusing experience.

As it was customary for all of Mtasa's white visitors (and he had many, particularly the kodak fiends) to take his royal highness a present, they usually gave him a blanket. What he did with them all, I 'm sure I do n't know, unless he bestowed them on his favorites, as I never saw but the one

cheap, cotton, foully-dirty blanket which covered him while he was sick. But, whether he used them or not, blankets he wanted and blankets he got. Knowing all this, I once essayed to develop his education along industrial lines and do a service to humanity by presenting him a fine shovel. It was a nice, new, shiney, attractive shovel, and I had hopes that it might prove good and suggestive seed. Perhaps it did; in which case, I am sure, they planted it deep, for I never saw it again.

But the king was far from being timid about preferring his wants, and while he received the shovel with as much dignity as he could muster while hilariously drunk, he literally fell on my neck and failed to find words to tell me how delighted he was to see me and that the vest I had on would simply complete his earthly happiness. Of course, he got the vest, which was a black and white check, belonging to a suit which I had no love for and was quite willing should adorn the royal back.

Having disposed of the vest, the next time I took him the coat, thinking that, as every other gift so mysteriously disappeared, I would get rid of that obnoxious suit for good. But alas! I was destined to meet that vest and coat all through the next five years of my stay there in Southern Rhodesia. They appeared at the most unexpected

times and places, worn by different members of the family.

Now the king was sick, and while he was drunk most of the time, that did not keep from him the knowledge that probably his days were numbered, and with that fear hanging over him even alcohol could not make him hilarious. So he was, for once, genuinely glad to see a missionary. He announced at once that he wanted medicine for himself. Fortunately I was able to procure for him the needed treatment, which proved very effective so long as he was willing to take it. But with the return of his strength and some degree of health, he sunk back into his old ways and habits and relapsed into a state where death was inevitable.

It certainly is an advantage to any missionary to have some primary knowledge of medicine and dentistry. My lack along these lines was a constant regret. The man who can efficiently extract aching teeth will win the gratitude of the most savage cannibal. A Wesleyan minister told me that he had frequently, when on his rounds as superintendent, extracted as many as thirty teeth after a preaching service.

If Shikanga's kraal impressed one with its wickedness, what could be said of Mtasa's? It was a kraal of about 150 huts around and among

the huge boulders. At the back of the kraal there arose from 700 to 800 feet of sheer, precipitous rock, the top of the mountain being not unlike an inverted, round pudding-mold. The kraal itself was situated on a sort of shelf two-thirds up the mountain side.

It was indescribably filthy in all parts of the kraal and as void of moral principles as of sanitary conditions. It was notoriously bad, and I do not think its reputation for evil was at all exaggerated.

Every night the sound of the drum proclaimed a dance in one part of the kraal or another; and a dance meant drunkenness and vice. All of the people were drunk some of the time, a part of them were drunk most of the time, and some of them were drunk all of the time.

Coupled with the tattoo of the drum came the weird shrieks of the women's "Yaie-yaie-yaie," the noise of strife, a drunken brawl, or the sound of wrangling and discord. There were often sounds of hilarity, but seldom any of true mirth.

One day the noise and discord, the shrieks and yells, were more numerous and exaggerated than usual, and I went to see what was the matter. Every one was running past my hut and the wails increased in volume and violence.

Hurrying to the place nearby where the people were congregating, I learned that a young man, a son of the king, was dead. I had known the young man well and, indeed, he had been at the last Sunday service, where he had shown more interest than any of the others. What did he die of? No one could tell me; but after he was buried, my native helper (Charlie Potter) said that there was a rumor that he had been killed in a row at the dance the night before.

The news spread rapidly, and fresh relays of friends kept coming to the bereaved hut, each one adding to the fearful wails and lamentations of the women folk. The men began to make preparations to bury him at once. I first went into the hut, as did the others, to see the corpse; but, to my horror, saw only an ungainly bundle completely swathed in white unbleached muslin. The Makaranga* bring the knees and chin of the body together and then securely bind it in that position, and in that sitting position bury it.

Following the men, I found they had selected a place under an enormous boulder which closely

*The native people of southeastern Rhodesia are called Mashonas by the white men. This is an opprobrious term given them by the Matebeli. They should be called, correctly, Makaranga, as they are the descendents of that ancient Makaranga nation, the Children of the Sun.

resembled a ship. They dug under what might have been the stern until the hole was about four feet deep and diagonal in shape.

In three hours from the time the first wailing began, the body was borne out of the house on a hastily constructed litter of poles and bark rope, accompanied by a frantic mob of screaming women, who threw themselves down into the dust and leaped into the air, shrieking in a blood-curdling manner in a perfect frenzy. This continued until the body was shoved into its place and the hole neatly walled up with stone. Then they subsided into a stolid apathy, the mother and wives of the dead man in particular being the personification of hopelessness, and his sister wailing out over and over: "O, Benzi, Benzi, thou wert a lion!" (The lion is the totem of the reigning family.)

That evening comparative quiet reigned, but the next night life was going on as ever.

The dry season was near its close and other duties at Old Umtali were now demanding my attention, and as the king's return to his drink had brought on a relapse and he had fallen into a stupor from which it was impossible to rouse him, so that his death was only a matter of a few days, I packed up my belongings and returned to the mission.

But in the three months among the people we had not only attended the king, held continual services, got acquainted with the natives, and advanced in the language, but we had also been able to get the first group of boys to go directly from the kraal to the school. They were mostly grandsons of the king—a dirty, almost naked, impudent lot of youngsters; but they were bright and quick to learn. They were numbered among our first converts, and some of them have developed into excellent teachers and evangelists.

The time had been well spent. We had made the acquaintance and gained the confidence of the people, much seed had been sown, and there had been not a few visible results.

It was still the day of small things, but a beginning had been made.

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS.

Four more years had passed, making seven in all, from the time of the dedication of the Old Umtali Mission, and it was no longer an experiment, but a success, with the work established on tried and approved lines.

However, the success had evolved slowly through many distinct stages—stages common to the experience of most missions.

Varied and often seemingly incongruous had been the work and activities of the various missionaries. The ordained minister had been called on to do the work of farmer and doctor, ox-driver and dentist, machinist and book-keeper, mason and postmaster, diplomat and mule-breaker, cobbler and architect, carpenter and surgeon.

The physician also had been preacher and mule doctor, teacher and cabinet-maker, nurse and painter, cook and surgeon.

The layman had been preacher and nurse, teacher and gardener, doctor and poet.

The women missionaries had been farmers and teachers, translators and nurses, forwarding agents and preachers.

All had itinerated more or less in the kraals, everywhere sowing the seed, here and there gathering a handful of ripened grain and looking forward to the abundant whitening harvest of the near future.

As for the school, for the first year or two the only way we could get pupils was to hire them to work about the place and then give them an hour each day in the schoolroom. Each year meant more school and less wages. Then came a time when the wages ceased, but the boys were furnished with their clothes. The next year came the rule, which is still in force, that every boy over fourteen years old must bring an entrance fee of fifteen dollars, and another fifteen dollars for his three years' taxes, and all of the boys must work a half day at some mechanical labor about the farm or on the grounds.

To be sure, these changes were not often welcomed by the boys at the time. But as the desire for learning grew they adjusted themselves to the changing conditions, though seldom without considerable outward protest.

When our work first began, not having any

books in the vernacular, English school-books had to be used. Later, when we got books in the vernacular and introduced them into the schoolroom to be used in conjunction with the English ones, the boys waited upon us to declare indignantly that they had not come to school to learn their own language, nor did they need any of our teaching on that subject; that they had come to school to study English, and English only.

It took some months of quiet insistence to show them that it was just as important to learn to read and write their mother tongue as English, and more so, for only in so doing could they come to understand the Bible.

A gratifying feature of the work was the early conversion of practically every pupil. Each one became a factor in the work of reaching others. When the boys went home at vacation times they told their friends the Good News they had received. The smaller boys often started a little school of the younger brothers and sisters, teaching them hymns and sometimes the A B C's.

Another epoch opened when we had about ten older boys who had expressed a conviction that they should become teachers and evangelists, and had begun training for that purpose.

One vacation I took this group out and made

a tour of about four hundred miles, using and training them further in practical evangelistic work, in which they were constantly engaged thereafter.

During the shorter vacations they were sent out in groups to hold meetings within a radius of fifty miles of Old Umtali.

The results of this broadcast seed-sowing was that soon the chiefs began to send in requests for native teachers. This was a distinct gain. At first the chiefs had absolutely refused to even consider having schools at their villages. But the visits of our pupils in the kraals during vacations and while on evangelistic tours carrying some book or other always in their pockets, a primer, a hymn-book, or one of the Gospels, out of which they would read, to the great admiration of the small children, had resulted in a widespread desire for an education on the part of both boys and girls, and the youngsters were beginning to show a restlessness and discontent at the kraal life. They were constantly running away to the mission to go to school. So it was no longer a question of school or no school, but of schools in the kraals or at the Mission. Accordingly the chiefs were compelled to capitulate, and by 1906 requests for teachers to come and live in the kraals began to multiply. We had none as

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SEVEN AFRICAN PRINCES, GRANDSONS OF MTASA,
PUPILS AT OLD UMTALI.

yet fully prepared, but we were able to open work at one kraal six miles away and send a senior student out there every afternoon to teach school. This place willingly helped to build their own mud-and-pole schoolhouse, and soon there was not only a flourishing school, but there were conversions, and the Sunday circuit extended to twelve kraals.

His experience at this place, Mwandiambila's, fitted Solomon Nsingo to take an out-station the next year. It was a singular coincidence that the first call to be answered for a resident native teacher should have been made by Shikanga herself. She who had placed herself on record as absolutely and forever determined that her children should never be taught "books," and who had stipulated that we must not preach against getting drunk, now welcomed Solomon and his wife, Marita, to her kraal and helped to build the school and living-house.

A few months later there were several conversions, and among them Shikanga. In a recent letter, Solomon wrote me: "But also here with thirty peoples who turn back to God our Fathers who art in heaven because befor in this Shikanga place it was very trouble but now God will bee at them and so God heard my prayers and also He draw

them to me. I have abelievers about thirty boys and now Chiefe Chikanga she leave all bad deeds which she was doing long ago."

One of the first girls who came to the mission to stay was Mukonyerwa, whose mother, Muledzwa, was a sister of Shikanga and of the young Mtasa. When the girl came she was at once followed by her mother, who made a fearful row and insisted that the girl should return to her kraal and that we should drive her away from the mission.

As she could not avail anything she went away, and came back the next week with Mtasa and some twenty armed men, who demanded the girl. There was a stormy session several hours long, but the girl firmly and positively refused to go with her mother, and so they had to leave her.

In the course of six months, Muledzwa's visits became less and less stormy, until at last she began to view her daughter's growing accomplishments of sewing, reading, and writing with pride. A year later she said that she should like her daughter to marry a native teacher and come up to live in her kraal, where she would build them a hut and schoolhouse. However, her daughter was placed in a neighborhood village with her husband, and Vurungu, Muledzwa's only son, has been appointed to the school and Church in his mother's kraal.

The young Mtasa, like his old father, was strongly opposed to mission work. On one of my visits to his kraal, though he himself was very friendly and affable, his brother told me confidentially in great bitterness of spirit that all the boys and girls were leaving the kraal for the mission.

I told him the only remedy for it was to have a teacher come and open a school at the kraal, which advice he promptly rejected with scorn.

But the boys and girls continued to come to Old Umtali. The sub-chiefs were calling for teachers, that they might hold their children at home, and so Mtasa yielded at last. In 1907, he made an official call on Bishop Hartzell and asked that a white man be sent to open up school work at the capital. The request was granted, land was purchased adjoining the native reserve, and Mr. and Mrs. Coffin are there at present in the midst of a flourishing work, which includes a circuit of some ten out-stations in charge of young men who were trained at Old Umtali, all of whom have married girls from the girls' school there.

One of the greatest changes had taken place in connection with the work among the girls and women.

In 1901, Helen E. Rasmussen was sent out by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society to take

up this work. As there were no girls nor women at the station, she, too, had to go out into the kraals to find them.

She found them more indifferent to the mission and school than the boys and far more tenacious of the traditions of their ancestors. But nearly all of them needed medical treatment, so that large numbers came to the dispensary daily. They not only got their medicine, but they stopped to chat and to hear the "machine," the baby organ. Soon the girls flocked to her hut in large numbers, and some days there were services nearly all day.

But they scorned the idea of a native woman learning to read. Why should she? They knew as much as their mothers (most of them knew more) and they could see no advantage in learning at school. They were all engaged to be married—some of them from birth, some even before birth; for the girl is considered an asset by her father against his liabilities.

To be sure, the girls did not always want to marry the man chosen for them, and some of them rebelled openly, but on the whole they had had the custom instilled into their minds from babyhood as being the only proper thing, and most of the girls were proud of the engagement, putting off the evil day of marriage as long as

possible and in the meantime not binding themselves to any hard and fast code of morals.

The condition of their lives and morals was enough to make one shudder. And the worst of it was that, knowing nothing better, they were fairly well satisfied.

After the visits of the "Missis" to the kraals, the girls frequently came to visit her at Old Umtali, staying a night or several days.

One girl came and stayed eight months, but she, alas! was an outcast, having cut her upper teeth first. According to the custom of her people, she should have been buried alive, for to cut the upper teeth first is a sign that the child has a devil or is bewitched.

For some reason this girl had not been buried by her mother and had grown up into an extraordinarily beautiful young woman, but no man in the country dared to marry her.

It was a native boy named Jonas who reluctantly offered the explanation about Shakeni. He said: "You see, she is bewitched and if any man should marry her, he would die."

"How soon would he die?" was the inquiry; "as soon as they got married?" Jonas was cautious. "He might, and then he might not; he could not say for sure."

"Well, would he die in a week, or a month?"

"Do n't you see, Missis," exclaimed the cross-questioned boy in exasperation, he might live a day and he might live a year. And they might have children, and the children might grow up, but sooner or later he would surely die."

This statement was indeed incontrovertible since, as the "Missis" told Jonas, from the time of Adam down every man who has married a woman has met a similar fate. But though Jonas had a strong sense of humor, now that a native superstition was involved, he felt that any other view of the case was rank heresy, of which he would have no part.

This girl, to repeat, stayed eight months, and then went back to her mother. Four years later she was legally married to a man from Cape Colony, a mulatto, and later came back to the girls' school, with his permission, while he was driving cattle about the country, or, in South African parlance, "riding transport."

But with the exception of this one girl, no others came for over three years, and, as the boys were increasing steadily in numbers, the situation was serious. So we put the matter before them clearly: How that they would soon be through school and would need Christian wives and girls

who could help them in their work as evangelists and teachers, and they began to talk to the girls about coming to school. Brothers began urging their sisters, and now and then one of them would urge another boy's sister to come.

In 1904, Gumba, a granddaughter of the old Mtasa, and a niece of the young Mtasa, came to stay. About five women were at that time living on the place with their husbands. After Gumba's arrival other girls began to come, mostly those who had been in constant touch with the missionary from her first visits to the kraals and who had friends or brothers in the boys' school.

Of course, the arrival of these girls caused a violent protest from their irate parents. These girls represented "vested interests" to the extent of from four to ten head of cattle each, to be paid to her father on her marriage. It was not strange that the whole tribe stood solidly against any innovation which should free the girls from their claim.

But once a break in the old regime had been made and the girls began to find out that the mission was veritably a City of Refuge, they began to rebel against the unfit marriages arranged for them by their parents, and to flee to us. We had to spend days trying to reason with

angry and prejudiced parents each time a girl arrived. But the girls were firm in their determination that they would not be sold as mere cattle and that they wanted to learn. The government was on their side, and so they stayed, and their numbers increased from that on. A conciliatory spirit toward the parents soon won them over to at least a resigned attitude, and in a few cases to positive approval. A few of the young men had arranged with the girls before coming to marry them after completing the school course. The other girls had several offers of marriage each soon after their arrival.

After her marriage on New Year's, 1905, Mrs. Springer continued to carry on the girls' work for seven months, by which time there were nine girls in the school.

In August, 1905, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society transferred Miss Virginia Swormstedt (later Mrs. Coffin) from Inhambane to this school. And early in 1907 Miss Sophia Coffin arrived and was soon placed in charge.

The school has had a steady growth and increase in numbers, and already several of the girls trained here have married native evangelists and are efficient helpers in reaching the women and girls on out-stations.

A friend gave $5,000 for a much-needed dormitory to accommodate one hundred boarders, which was dedicated in June, 1908. At the last report there were seventy-five girls in the school.

The industrial work developed more slowly. Naturally it took the native longer to see the reason for hard and steady work than for learning.

Apprentices could not be expected to apply to learn the trades until as pupils they had completed the course in the school proper. From the first the farm had required a good deal of attention. The fields had increased from forty to one hundred acres, the principal crop being Indian corn, maize which is known through South Africa as "mealies." The farm had more than its full share of difficulties and setbacks.

Kipling tersely describes the conditions in Rhodesia in his inimitable way:

> "Plague on pestilence outpoured,
> Locusts on the greening sward
> And murrain on the cattle!"

Most of our cattle died with Texas fever and we had to sell the rest before they had a chance to die. Our one horse died of horse-sickness; one by one the mules and donkeys shuffled off their leather reins and were no more from pyæmia;

drought brought a year's famine, and the locusts were an abiding plague present with us at the greening season.

In 1903-1904 was our hardest year, a time of general drought in the country. Our increasing school either had to be fed or sent back to their hungry kraals, and that was not to be thought of. The routine work had to be carried on, so that with loss of animals and crops, the mission was put in hard straits financially. However, the next year we reaped 4,000 bushels of corn, and, with a good market which had sprung up in the mining camps all around us, the agricultural department of the mission has met its own expenses ever since.

Important changes had taken place in the immediate neighborhood of the mission. Although situated on the gold belt, for the first five years of the mission there were no mining activites within seven miles of us. In 1904, had come a revival of the early boom and numerous white men were engaged in prospecting and proving claims all about us. There were twelve mines and two crushing batteries within two miles of us.

These mines employed hundreds of natives, and permission was readily granted us to do evangelistic work among them. Some of these natives

had come hundreds of miles from their kraals, and most of them had never heard of, much less seen, a missionary. The mine compounds present a splendid opportunity to reach hundreds with the gospel. It gave us also an exceptional opportunity for training our senior boys in the practical work of winning souls and of reaching the totally raw heathen. These mines greatly enhanced the value of Old Umtali as a training center.

Since 1901 other missionaries were added to our numbers—Dr. Samuel Gurney, Rev. and Mrs. James E. Ferris, who were for two years in charge of the Umtali Academy; Rev. Shirley D. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sechrist, and Mr. G. A. Roberts, all of whom are now on the field.

Mr. M. B. Spears was also in the employ of the mission as farm overseer and mechanical assistant for over three years.

As the time for furlough drew near, after more than five years of service, it was gratifying on looking back over the vista of those years to note the changes which had come to pass.

Let me summarize them briefly:

1. From an indifferent and suspicious attitude, the natives were now friendly.

2. Instead of ignoring our school, the out-

lying kraals were beginning to ask for native teachers and preachers.

3. Instead of having no interpreters, teachers, or native helpers, we now had nearly a dozen ready to be placed on out-stations, and to assist the white missionaries at Old Umtali.

4. From a half dozen pupils the school had grown to nearly a hundred boys and girls.

5. The fields were now white for the harvest, in the reaping of which our trained native workers were taking an active part.

6. In short, as was said at the beginning of the chapter, the work of the mission had been firmly established on tried and approved lines.

The latest information from Old Umtali is that there are over two hundred boarding pupils in the schools, notwithstanding the large number of day schools which have been opened up in the vicinity and which are also well attended, and students are being turned away for lack of room.

In Umtali and Penhalonga, Churches for whites have been organized, and at each point a large brick church has been built. In Umtali we have had an academy, a grammar and high school for European children which has had an average attendance of about fifty pupils.

In these two centers Churches for the natives

have also been organized, and day and night schools conducted. The work has extended to the thickly populated districts to the south and southwest, where several splendid beginnings have been made.

This work has been under the direction of the Rev. R. Wodehouse as Presiding Elder, who with his wife reached the field in April, 1901.

Associated with him are Mr. E. H. Greeley, the Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Gates, Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Buckwalter, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Ferris, Rev. G. A. Stockdale, Mr. Garner and wife, Miss Mae Bell, and other European helpers, besides a number of native workers.

At the Conference held in November, 1907, there was reported for the entire Rhodesia work, a native constituency of 201 members, 1,038 probationers, and 1,922 Sunday-school pupils. These numbers are being added to at a rapid rate with each succeeding Sabbath.

With an increasing number of trained native helpers at hand, and with the tribes awakened, the situation is ripe for a large extension and development of the work, which is proceeding as rapidly as funds will allow.

CHAPTER III.

THE CALL OF THE INTERIOR.

In November, 1906, we left Old Umtali to proceed home on furlough. Although in point of distance our route was the most direct one, in point of time it was the longest. We took the one straight across the continent.

The origin and growth of this idea and the preparation for the undertaking had proceeded through several years.

Soon after my appointment to Africa, in 1901, one of my esteemed theological instructors said to me, "You will want to make your travels about Africa, and particularly your trips home on furlough, to contribute to the enlargement of your knowledge of the continent and of the conditions in that field."

The remark fastened itself in my memory and has had not a little to do in controlling my plans and actions at various times since.

Roughly speaking, the coast of Africa is circled with missions, and, though much territory

remains to be occupied near the coast, yet most of it is already marked out for occupation by various societies.

In the interior there still remains vast sections unentered, untouched, and unassigned. The very appeal which, in the first place, leads the missionary to leave his own land for foreign fields, becomes more articulate and commanding when he settles on the edge of a vast area of unrelieved heathenism.

So in district meetings, finance committee meetings, and Conference sessions, the "Regions Beyond" were a constantly recurring topic of conversation and prayer, and appeals from one and another of the missionaries constantly found their way to the homeland—the majority of them, so it seemed, alas! to pass unheeded and the needed advance appeared to us on the field so long delayed.

Bishop Taylor, on landing in Africa, had purposed occupying territory in the heart of the continent and had thrown out that magnificent challenge, "A chain of missions across Africa," a challenge based not so much on sentiment as on the acknowledged needs through all that interior region.

In such a chain the missions established by

him in Angola formed the western links, and those in East Africa the eastern links.

The Old Umtali district, of which I was superintendent, bordered on the intervening territory. With these facts and conditions constantly forcing themselves upon me, it was but natural that there gradually settled on my heart an overwhelming burden of prayer and desire for the extension of the work to these regions.

And it was, perhaps, the fruit of the seed dropped into my life by my beloved teacher that appeared in the course of these years in the form of a conviction that, on my way home, I should traverse the territory between our missions in Rhodesia and those of Angola, learn the conditions, and report.

A number of circumstances pointed to this as the opportune time to make this journey.

In the first place, the country to the north was being rapidly opened up. Between the years 1899 and 1905 vast deposits of various minerals had been discovered in Northwestern Rhodesia and the Congo State. And two lines of railroad, one from the south and one from the west—the two to be connected ultimately—were being constructed as rapidly as capital could be secured and the work pushed.

This meant the total abandonment of the "Let-the-natives-alone" policy, so frequently advanced both at home and abroad. New and powerful influences were beginning to be exercised on the natives of all that section north of the Zambesi, and the question was, What part the Church was taking, or was going to take, in the new age.

Moreover, so far as the conditions in the Church at home were concerned, while the rate of advance had been slow, though steady, from the reports of increasing interest and information among the young people, and among the laymen, and the Church as a whole, there was reason to believe that the day was at hand when the advance would be large, and signal, and when the desideratum from the field would be that of information concerning the needs and opportunities.

Accordingly, when the time came to arrange for our furlough, I submitted the situation and stated my conviction to Bishop Hartzell, with the request that the matter be taken up with the proper authorities at home and that a grant be made in addition to the ordinary amount for home-coming expenses.

Neither the official to whom the matter was referred nor the Bishop felt competent to de-

cide on the advisability of our undertaking such an extended trip through these remote regions; and as to financial aid, there was no money available that could be so applied.

And since we had had considerable fever during the months past from a trip we had taken in the Zambesi Valley, it was thought too hazardous a venture for us at that time.

But as the conviction only deepened in the face of the many seemingly insurmountable obstructions, there was a continual bombardment of communications, with the ultimate result that we were informed that, taking all risks as to health and assuming all financial responsibility, we were at liberty to come home that way if we chose.

It was a test of faith to learn that we could get only the usual allowance of money, which would not be more than half enough. But as we packed up our possessions, we sold everything we possibly could, and were surprised at the sum realized. This took us by rail to Broken Hill and kept us—with the strictest economy—some time after we got there.

We left Umtali, November 26, 1906, by train, for Broken Hill—Mrs. Springer, myself, and one of the mission boys, Benjamin Madzilo. In view of the uncertainties of the country and tribes

Rev. and Mrs. John M. Springer.

ahead of us, we felt that we should have at least one Christian native with us on whom we could rely.

We had made this a matter of prayer; as, in fact, we had every other detail of the enterprise. Benjamin had worked for Mrs. Springer for a year and a half previously. He was a man of about twenty-five years of age, an earnest Christian, and best fitted of all the boys to fill the rôle of helper, interpreter, and general man on whom we could rely. He was also a splendid cook and had the art of a superior chef—the ability to make tasty dishes out of almost nothing, a very important feature on the trail.

We had not thought of Benjamin to go with us, as he was living at the kraal of his father, who was not well, and who would not let Benjamin leave him for ever so short a time. But shortly before we left his father died, and almost simultaneously we received money from *The Christian Herald* which would just about cover Benjamin's expenses across the Continent. And this money came to us as our Father's assurance that He would provide for all our needs, and we thanked God and took courage.

In order to reach Broken Hill we had to take a rather round-about route through Salisbury, Bulawayo, and the Victoria Falls. These falls

are nearly three times the size of the Niagara Falls. "The most beautiful gem of the world's scenery," they have been called. "The Victoria Falls are twice as broad and two and a half times as high as the far-famed Niagara. Their width is over a mile and the water drops over 390 feet—a greater height than that of St. Paul's Cathedral. The grandeur and solemnity of this magnificent spectacle can not be adequately described, and pictures can only convey an idea of the scene. Half a mile above the falls the Zambesi is a mile and a half wide. Then the channel contracts till, at the falls themselves, its breadth is only 1,936 yards. At this point the river suddenly ends—at least so it seems. It disappears into space. What has happened is this: The entire river falls sheer into a great fissure or canon. It is as though some giants of earlier days had dug a trench four hundred feet deep right across the path of the river. Into this trench dashes the mighty volume of water, only to be met by a vast wall of basaltic rock. But in this wall there is an opening. It is only one hundred yards wide, but through it the Zambesi must force its way. This is the awful boiling pot, a nightmare of furious water, of sheets of spray, of strange and inspiring blasts of wind—more than half water—of thunderous

sounds. Out of this boiling pot the Zambesi rushes along a deep, winding gorge, which zigzags through the plain, sometimes going back on itself, for five and forty miles."

The message of the falls to me was a vivid realization of the analogy between the human race and this river with its never-ceasing onward flow.

I realized that heretofore many of my ideas about the heathen world had unconsciously pictured it as a standing forest, a solid, mighty phalanx, with its millions of arms always stretching toward the Light, waiting, waiting down through the centuries—still waiting.

Now the passing generations became visualized into the likeness of this mighty river with its magnificent, thundering, awesome falls and its awful abyss. I had a new vision of the heathen millions that have gone over and are constantly being swept over, down, down into the depths of eternity, down into the depths of gloom and despair.

As I sat there with fascinated eyes, watching those never-staying waters make that final plunge, going over, going over, passing on, and on, and on, I felt like crying out to them to stay, if but for one second. But there was no staying that mighty flood.

Having waited over one train at the falls—a three days' wait, by-the-by—we got into a train made up of freight cars and a ramshackle old coach, that might have come down from prehistoric times, and were bumped, and shaken, and jolted another 375 miles and then dropped off on what, in the darkness, seemed to be the open veld. A few lanterns swinging here and there showed quite a gathering to meet the train, most of whom were natives who were swarming about the car and on seeing us alight shouted, "A Missis! A Missis!" for though there were five white women in the camp, the novelty to the natives had not worn off. And this was Broken Hill. At least, it was the station from which we had to walk a mile up the railroad track to get to the camp itself.

It was a typical mining camp in many respects, most of its houses being made of poles and mud. The Cape-to-Cairo Railway was finished to the northern edge of the camp and formed the sharp dividing line between the "Mine" and the "Town." There were about one hundred whites here at the time. Some forty of these were working on the mine, part of the others were variously employed about the "town," and the rest were waiting for a job when the railway construction should go forward. The railroad had

been completed to Broken Hill only two months previously and many of the men expected the work to go on at once.

With the coming of the railway the place had developed rapidly. When we arrived there were one thousand natives working on the mine and several hundred others working as servants, carriers, etc. These numbers continued for two or three months, but the personnel of both the blacks and whites was constantly changing. The air was full of optimism and pioneer enthusiasm. Prospectors, scientists, savants, mining engineers, tourists, and speculators were coming and going with each train.

Religiously, there was nothing being done. Three services had at long intervals been held by visiting clergymen and missionaries. But there was no local Church organization, no resident preacher, nor regular preaching services.

Among the natives were about sixty young men who had, for a longer or shorter period, attended some of the Scotch missions in Nyasaland. Many of them were in the employ of the African Lakes (Trading) Corporation. Some of these frequently held prayer meetings among themselves. Others of them were drifting.

As the rainy season had just begun, we could not proceed on our long trek for four or five

months, so I felt it my duty to do whatever was in my power for both blacks and whites during our stay. Finding that no Christian work had been inaugurated among the natives in the mine compound, I went at once to the manager of all this group of mines, Mr. Howard Moffat, who is a grandson of Robert Moffat and a nephew of David Livingstone, and asked his permission to hold services there. Mr. Moffat was very willing, and all through those five months' stay gave all possible assistance.

He gave me the use of the mine interpreters, and, from that first Sunday until we left, I continued to hold regular meetings on the compound.

There was also a group of thirty-two Zulu-speaking natives. They had worked on the railway as linkers-in and were now waiting here idle for the road to proceed, being rationed by the contractors. They were recommended to me as being the worst crowd about the camp. That was saying a good deal, but the reputation was verified. Having nothing to do, and being at liberty to earn all the spending money they wanted, they gave themselves up to hard drinking and native women.

As they were called "Mission Boys," I began an investigation. I found one of their number

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PREACHING TO THE NATIVES AT BROKEN HILL MINE.

was a man, perhaps thirty years old, by the name of Jacob. He was a tall, raw-boned Matebele who had once attended a mission school for six months. Every one of his companions testified that they had never known Jacob to drink or join any of their carousals. He was fond of singing hymns and had taught them to the others, and it was their nightly and prolonged hymn-singing that had given them the title of "Mission Boys." None of the others had ever attended a mission.

But several said they would like to learn and were willing to build a little mud hut for a school-house and chapel. Jacob, who could just manage a primer and hymn book, offered his services as a teacher, free of charge, and so there was soon quite a little night school.

As has already been related, Jacob joined us when we proceeded from Broken Hill and went the whole 1,500 miles to Angola to school.

I also began holding services for Europeans every Sunday night. As there was no room or building of any description suitable for religious meetings, I called a mass meeting and put the proposition before them that they build a temporary mud and pole chapel, and that I would hold regular services there gratis during my few months' stay.

This was carried through and soon the funds were subscribed and put in the hands of a representative committee, who would have charge over the chapel after I had gone, securing any visiting clergyman to hold service. This was the first church for whites to be erected along this railroad north of Bulawayo, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles.

Those were the days of first things in all that new country. Inside of a week I was asked to perform the first christening. A few days later I was asked to officiate at the first wedding. It was held in the hotel dining-room. Now the "hotel" was a collection of grass-thatched, circular mud huts, and the dining-room boasted itself of being square and having a brick floor instead of mud. It was fourteen by twenty feet and was well filled at the time of the wedding. Word had gone out that there would be plenty of whisky for all who came.

The bride was a pretty Scotch girl, who looked charming in her white veil and gown. The groom was an Australian who was working on the mine.

No sooner was the ceremony ended than the refreshments began, and in an hour's time a row

seemed inevitable. But the offenders were lured outside and engaged in games, and so the day and evening ended in good humor, though considerable of it was maudlin humor.

When we got the church funds in hand there was enough to put up the chapel and a two-roomed hut beside it. Here we took up our abode, welcoming all of the white men who frequently called and for whom there was ever the cup of tea, or a share of our own simple fare for the hungry, of whom there were many. Many of these men keenly enjoyed getting into a homelike atmosphere again.

Of the various parties coming and going, no other interested us so much as that of Mr. Malcolm M. Moffat, his wife, and two children, who arrived the last week in April. He and his wife had already spent five years in the Livingstonia Mission in Northeastern Rhodesia under the Free Church of Scotland. He was now under appointment to open up the work of a Livingstone Memorial Mission near Chitambo's kraal, where Livingstone died and where his heart is buried, about two hundred miles east of Broken Hill.

Mr. Moffat left Broken Hill for Chitambo's on May 2d, just thirty-four years and one day after

Livingstone had breathed out his final prayer alone on his knees, so remote from civilization. But during those thirty-four years the spirit of David Livingstone has still worked in the world, and slowly but surely has been stirring the Christian world to the great task of finally "healing the open sore of the world."

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING BROKEN HILL.

During the rainy season, which continues from October to March, the country to the north of Broken Hill was largely under water, and to travel at that time would mean wading in water from one to four feet deep for long distances, not to mention the big swamps and flooded rivers to cross.

By April the rains were well over and another month would dry up the trail sufficiently for us to travel. So we set Monday, the 13th of May, for our departure.

But at the same time that we set this date, we had none of our supplies in hand and no way of knowing when they would arrive. The tent and camp outfit, with some clothing and provisions, had been ordered from the United States eight months previously. The rest of our food supplies, photographic materials, etc., we could get in Cape Town, Bulawayo, or locally. The money, we learned, had not left New York.

Not the least important of our needs was that of carriers. It was important, if possible, to get men who would go the whole distance with us. Otherwise, we might be left stranded and helpless in the midst of some hostile tribe.

As we were leaving a base of supplies, with no chance of replenishing, we needed to take all the European food we should require for our own use and all the trading goods necessary to provide food for our caravan for the entire period. In short, we must take of food, cloth, salt, beads, medicines, and photographic supplies enough to last four months.

We expected to use as much native food as possible for our own diet. But previous personal experience and the experience of hundreds of other whites had proved that the white man can not keep up his strength and health on the trail by depending on native foods alone. It is not so bad as long as one can buy plenty of sweet potatoes, which make a good meal either raw or cooked. But when it comes to the varieties of mush—millet mush, Kaffir corn mush, sour cassava mush, and a three-times-a-day diet of nothing else but sticky, gritty, unappetizing mush—it won't keep a white man in good condition. He is almost sure to get down sick on it.

So we took along two fifty-pound loads of whole wheat flour, or Boer meal. We also took a case and a half of milk, tea, coffee, canned fish, cheese, and jam, a case of Welch's grape juice for use in fever, arrowroot to be used if we got that most dreaded foe of the trail, dysentery. We also had to have candles, matches, a small amount of soap, and numerous odds and ends of little things which contribute to health and efficiency; for we neither wished to die on the way, to reach Angola in a dying state, or to be unfitted for work for long months when the journey should be over.

In order to take the things absolutely needed (and we went over our list time and time again, cutting out everything we felt we could possibly do without) we required forty carriers.

Now, certain white men at Broken Hill had been waiting for weeks to get carriers, so when we told them that we expected to leave May 13th, they laughed and said, "No, you won't."

As previously stated, for more than a year we had been making every detail of this trip—the carriers, route, funds, dates, and the securing of information about it—a subject of constant prayer. Now an earnest of the answer for carriers was granted the first week in April, when eight Angoni men, who had just arrived there from their own

country, six hundred miles east, came to me. They said that they had heard that I was about to make a long journey and they wished to go with me. I engaged them and they went with me straight through to Angola, the most faithful and efficient men I had. I consider it as one of the most signal of the many answers to our prayers.

But no more carriers, and none of our goods came during that month. It was a month of walking solely by faith.

Monday, May 6th, came around without anything further in sight; still, we believed that we should leave the next week, and made all plans for that. And, sure enough, just when they were needed, and not before, everything came to hand.

On Tuesday additional carriers began coming to me, until I had thirty. On Thursday the money came by cable, the tent and other necessaries also arrived, so that we were awed as we saw God's wonderful providence manifested. From that time on there could not be the shadow of a doubt as to His purposes regarding the expedition, nor of His especial care and guidance.

Friday and Saturday found us unpacking goods received and repacking them into sixty-pound loads.

Sunday was devoted to farewell services with

the several groups to whom I had been ministering during these months.

Monday Mr. Moffat let me have eleven men from the mine to go with us a week at least. The delays incident to starting out on such a long trip seemed numberless, and so it was near the noon hour when our carriers at last lifted their loads onto their heads and our caravan wound out of Broken Hill.

We were accompanied by Mr. Frank E. Gifford, a young English Wesleyan, whom we found employed on the mine at Broken Hill, and between whom and ourselves there had sprung up a mutual attachment. Three weeks before we left he received notice that the mine was closing down indefinitely, pending experiments as to the best methods of treating the ore and the subsequent installation of smelters, and he, with most of the other employes, was being laid off. He, therefore, proposed accompanying us to the copper mines further north to seek employment. Failing to get work, he continued all the way to England with us.

Our late start brought us to the first water, twelve miles out, about sundown, all three of us with badly blistered feet and the carriers in bad humor. The native wants to be in camp by four o'clock

at the latest, so that he can get wood, and water, and fix up his bed of grass before dark. Then the next day we did not get started as early as we wished, the kraals and water were few and far between, and we were late again. They now grumbled openly: they could not travel all day and all night, too. Several were determined not to go on and I had considerable difficulty in quelling the mutiny.

During the rest of the week I had the task of organizing the caravan and of assigning each man his regular load and his duties when in camp. Five of the machilla men were to pitch our tent, two of them to bring grass for our bed, and a third gather wood for the evening fire, for the nights were cold, the thermometer registering from 48 degrees down to 28 degrees.

By the time these things were done Jacob usually arrived, and his task was to make the bed and place all our personal effects inside the tent.

Benjamin carried no load except his own blanket and clothes. He had to work early in the morning and often until late at night baking our bread, and that was enough for him.

Neither did the Capitao carry a load. His duty it was to walk at the rear end of the caravan and be the last man to reach camp. If any fell

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MRS. SPRINGER IN MACHILLA. ON THE TRAIL.

sick on the trail, he had to carry the load and see that the man reached the camp in safety. The office of capitao is important and trying. But we had a splendid one from among the eight Angoni.

Every man in the caravan thus had his evening and morning duties. The last thing at night, after the evening meal had been eaten, one of the Angoni saw that all the loads were safe from the ravages of the white ants or termites.

In the morning the same boys who put up the tent took it down and gave the tent, blankets, etc., to their respective carriers. We then ate a hurried and very simple breakfast, and a call was made for prayers. The whole caravan gathered around and stood with bowed heads while we committed ourselves to God for the day, asking His guidance and protection, the supplying of all our needs, and praying that the Light might soon shine in all that dark land.

Two articles we took on that trip gave us such satisfaction that they deserve special mention; the one was a balloon silk tent, and the other a tin bake oven. The tent was very light in weight, and, with its floor sewed on, was very compact and comfortable. The floor was rot-proof, ant-proof, brown canvas, so we could put our things down at night without the danger of having them devoured before

morning. The tent was too hot and light to give the best comfort by day, but for those making rapid marches it is excellent.

The bake oven consisted of five pieces of tin, which folded flat. They opened like an alligator's jaws, with a shelf in the center. On this shelf we could bake anything to perfection—meat, bread, potatoes—as well as in the finest stove oven. It was one of our pleasures during the evening to sit by the big log fire and watch our bread baking over on the other side. The oven only weighed three pounds and took little space in the kitchen box.

During the first month we were able to buy quantities of sweet potatoes, which furnished us and our carriers with the bulk of our eating. We ate them raw, and baked, and boiled. As the most of the carriers had been on a steady diet of musty, wormy Kaffir corn for weeks before starting, they fell upon the tubers like famine subjects. They could hardly get enough of sweet potatoes and new beans.

In Northwestern Rhodesia there obtains a good custom for rationing a caravan. Each man is given one yard of blue or white calico, and he buys his food for a week with it. This is called "posa." In addition to that, we gave our men two ounces of salt each per week.

On the third day from Broken Hill we encountered the tsetse fly, the *glossina morsitans*—a small insect a trifle larger than the common house fly. It is barred a brownish gray and a dingy white over the body and down the legs. It has a three-tined probosis which, like the old-fashioned forks, have superior power of penetration—as we soon learned.

This species is sure death to domestic animals of all kinds: cattle, horses, mules, donkeys, sheep, goats, dogs, and cats. From this time until after we had crossed the Lualaba River, beyond Kambove, we did not see a living animal about the native kraals, not even a fowl. As the country abounds in wild game, there is plenty of meat for those who can take the time to hunt for it. And it is a satisfaction to know that in time, with the settling of the country, when the wild game disappears, the fly goes with it.

The *glossina morsitans* is not fatal to human beings, and beyond a stinging bite, like the thrust of a red-hot needle into the skin, and a big welt which smarts and itches as if done by a score of mosquitoes, its bite is harmless. Not so the *glossina palpalis*, or black-legged tsetse. It is now believed that this species is responsible for the sleeping sickness. Scientists are still in the dark

as to how this fly transmits the disease and in what respect it differs from its striped brother.

A number of scientists are devoting themselves to the investigation of this dreaded sleeping sickness to see if they can discover the preventative, and also a cure. So far they have not found either, while one or two of them have died from the sleeping sickness. For years it was thought that white people were immune from it, but now that this has been proved untrue, it is all the more needful to learn some way to cope with it.

Starting on the lower Congo, about twenty years ago, the disease spread rapidly up the river and has now got as far south as Northwestern Rhodesia, though the government is doing all it can to restrict it.

It is claimed that the bite of the fly does not necessarily show any immediate effects and death may not take place for ten years later, but, sooner or later, it is inevitable. The first symptoms which enable one to be sure that the case is one of sleeping sickness is a formation of "beans" down the lymphatic glands at the back of the neck. Running the fingers over the glands, these bean-like formations can be readily felt.

When we were nearly to Angola, one of the best of the machilla men came to me one day and asked

to be freed from the machilla and given a load. He said he had a lame neck. On examination it was found that these "beans" were there. I, of course, did not mention them to him, but gave him the other load, as he had asked.

Soon he came again, saying that he felt too badly to carry any load, so I let him off entirely. He seemed extremely nervous and began to fail rapidly. As we reached Angola soon, I saw him no more and I do not know the result.

But the disease has been a dreadful scourge. One of the scientists, in writing from a sleeping-sickness camp, describes the situation thus: "From this place we have a most exquisite view as far as the eye can see—valley, wood, and hill, and, far away, a great range of mountains. To the south of us, for many miles, the country is deserted on account of sleeping sickness. Thousands died and the others left. Here we are close to a sleeping-sickness camp, so we get the full benefit of the cries of the delirious patients. There are 515 people in this camp. Ten men are employed to remove jiggers from the feet of the patients."

Another authority states: "From the best statistics available, the number of deaths in the Uganda protectorate, during the last five or six years, has considerably exceeded 200,000, or has

been equal to more than two-thirds of the entire population in the affected districts. The lake shore and the islands have been almost completely depopulated, and thousands of the sick have been abandoned by their terror-stricken relatives to starvation or to wild beasts."

It is encouraging to note that the heroic men who are engaged in the study of this dread malady believe that it may be exterminated in a similar way to malaria—the abolishing of suitable breeding places and the removal of infected patients from the reach of the fly.

So far as we knew, we did not come into any region of the *glossina palpilis*, though we were the tortured victims of the *glossina morsitans* for five weeks.

While at Broken Hill Mr. Gifford had debated long whether to take his bicycle along or not. So many men were leaving that there was no sale for that or anything else, so at last he decided to make the venture. During the first week the country was fairly level, the trails of the usual crookedness, and only the orthodox amount of ant hills, fallen sticks, and other obstructions.

What with badly blistered feet, we were both glad to take turns at riding the wheel to rest our feet, and at walking again, to rest our eyes and

nerves. On the whole, we decided that the wheel was an advantage. It became more doubtful after we got into the fly belt, for, whether we rode, laboriously pedalling, with both hands clenched on the handle bars and both eyes glued on the path ahead, or whether we walked behind the machine, which acted like a fiend incarnate as we tried to push it through the grass from six to eight feet high, it seemed as if the flies sensed that both our hands were engaged, and they settled down over our bare necks and arms in a maddening swarm.

The question nearly settled itself on the Saturday after we started when we came to several miles of timber land where an abundance of trees had been cut down, leaving their stumps close to the trail. After dismounting a score of times or so, Gifford thought at last that he saw a clear track, nor knew the contrary until he lay on the other side of a stump, his bleeding knee thrust through his khaki trousers and the front wheel of the bicycle bent into a bow. He had then, fortunately, only a short distance to the Baptist Mission, for which we were heading.

There were but few native kraals along the way, and we were struck with the miserable appearance of the few. The huts were merely grass roofs set on the ground, under which the people

existed. The gardens were small and uncared for. The natives impressed one as being just the rag-tags left by the slave raiders, who had taken all worth while with them, and these few all smoked the hemp pipe, the effects of which are even worse than those of opium. A more degenerate, hopeless lot of people it would be hard to find. Everywhere the hemp pipe, with its long reed in water, through which the inhalation is drawn, was in evidence, and always we could hear the violent coughing of the victim which accompanies this dread habit. So pernicious is this habit that the government is taking measures to stamp it out. The police are instructed to destroy all the hemp plants they can find as they patrol the country.

We had not taken the direct route from Broken Hill to Kanshanshi through Kapopo for two reasons. One was that there were two Baptist missionaries on a lone station, just one hundred miles north of us, and we wished to spend a Sunday with them.

The other reason was that on the Kapopo route there was the vast Lukanga swamp to cross. One of the first government officials to cross this swamp got a chief of one of the villages to be his guide. At one place the chief disappeared through a hole and, though his load (being a tent) was recovered,

he was never seen again. Another man in crossing had a hippopotamus suddenly come up beside him and then disappear.

That there is a good-sized river underneath the swamp is quite believable, and it is evident that somewhere there is an obstruction to its flow, for the swamp is steadily extending its area. But its solid mass of reeds die down each year and form hummocks, which afford sufficiently solid footing to enable thousands of loaded carriers to cross it each year.

After the empty country and the few down-at-the-heel kraals we had seen for five days, it was a delight to come to substantial, well-cultivated fields and see bright, eager-faced natives. We were the first missionaries to visit this Kafulafuta Mission, and the natives had never seen a white woman before.

As soon as the men who were out in the gardens working—please note!—saw the machilla and learned that there was a white woman in it, they dropped their tools and, crowding around, vied with each other as to who should help in carrying it. By the time she reached the mission there was a crowd of about fifty men and boys, all running and singing so they could be heard a mile away. It was a royal reception indeed.

Here we were quite as heartily welcomed by Mr. Phillips and his associate, Mr. Masters. They had arrived from East Africa two years previously, and settled at the junction of the Kafue and Kafulafuta Rivers. Here, on the bare veld, they had succeeded in establishing a flourishing mission. There were three living houses and several good huts for the various station uses. They had made quite extensive gardens, had quite a little fruit orchard started, a large castor bean patch, etc.

There were several kraals near them and the day school numbered about twenty-four. Since our return home, Mr. Phillips writes me that just after the second anniversary of their arrival there some of the young men sought him out and expressed their desire to become Christians. Others followed, and soon there were twenty of them formed into an old-fashioned Methodist "class." For that which we seem so willing to be rid of, other denominations are beginning to value.

I mention these converts particularly, because in all the territory in which I had traveled for thousands of miles in Africa I had never seen a people for whom I had so little enthusiasm. To be sure, no one would question their *need* of the Gospel, but while we recognized that the two brethren had done great credit to themselves in the start they

had made, our party were all agreed, as we discussed the matter after leaving, that, considering the low-down state of the natives of that region, there would be reason for rejoicing if there were any converts in ten years' time.

It certainly is a fair proposition that if a tribe so nearly exterminated with the bloody slave traffic which has continued for centuries, and a tribe which has been given over to degeneracy, is so susceptible to the influences of the Gospel, what may we expect of the more superior tribes to be found all over Central Africa?

CHAPTER V.

TO THE COPPER COUNTRY.

Our next objective point was the Kanshanshi copper mine, two hundred miles further northwest, on the border of the Congo Free State.

No one at Kafulafuta knew of any trail by which we could go from there directly to Kanshanshi, neither the white men nor any of the natives. One native said he knew a path to one village in that direction, but others said that we would have to go five days ere we reached a kraal. We got our brethren to let us have the one man who claimed to know ever so little, and set forth only to discover that our guide really did not know the way at all, and so by noon I had to resort to my compass and follow the best-worn trail, which soon turned in the wrong direction and we had to take to the pathless veld. After an anxious day and twenty miles of hard travel we were rejoiced to see native gardens, and at last came to an old man.

We were not near a kraal, but the old man went to the garden people and told them we were

hungry, so that by dusk we were doing quite a brisk trade. As the thermometer went down to 32 degrees that night, we all suffered from the cold.

The next morning, after an hour's walking, we came to the kraal. The chief and his people were in their gardens, but came quickly in response to call. In the meantime we fought fleas. The place was just alive with them, and we were soon peppered with the tormenting, vicious little pests.

As soon as the natives arrived I told the chief that I wanted a guide to take me due northwest, to Kanshanshi. Then one of the young men spoke up and said there was no path and there were no villages nor water in that direction, but we would have to turn back and go southwest to Kapopo. The chief and all his people swore that he was right. They vowed we could go east, or north, or southwest, but not northwest. This would mean a loss of from two to four days, which we could not afford, and I told them I knew there was a path in the right direction and they must give me guides, whom I would pay well. We needed a guide, as part of the country was depopulated by the slave trade, and we must pass through villages in order to get food for the caravan.

And so I stood there and insisted that we would

go one way, and the natives persisted that we must go another, and this excited debate continued for more than an hour and waxed so warm that I soon forgot all about the fleas, which were making life miserable for my wife and Gifford.

But after about an hour I won the day. Among the carriers I had borrowed from the mine was one man whom I dubbed "Joab." He lived in the Congo State and, when he came up, joined in the discussion. "Why, you know where Chimagata's kraal is?" said Joab. "Yes, we know where that is," was the incautious reply. "Then show us the path leading to it," said Joab. They saw they were caught, and good-humoredly took their defeat, and in a few minutes I had engaged two guides to go with us five days, one of them being the young buck who had so strongly insisted there was no trail in that direction.

Now, why these all united in lying so steadily for the space of an hour or more, is more than I can fully explain. It probably is connected with the fear of slave raiders, who may do damage, for which the guides may have to answer later; but, no doubt, much of it is due to the native opinion that a lie is an evidence of cleverness, an idea that has not wholly been eradicated from civilization.

Two miles further on we came onto a group of

beautiful sable antelope grazing by the Rufubu River, but they were gone before we could get our guns, and, although we pitched camp and kept hunting for them, the grass was so long that we got nothing.

From this on, for several days we were in a hunter's paradise (at the wrong season, on account of the long grass). Every day we saw spoor (tracks) of elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceri, antelopes, buck of at least a dozen varieties, lions, leopards, and hyenas. But the grass was against us not only in hiding the game, but in harboring swarms of the tsetse flies. In the forest there were fewer flies, but swarms of bees.

One morning Mrs. Springer and I were walking along with one of the guides, the caravan being far in the rear. Suddenly I saw a large, lone bull baffalo down in the vlej standing quietly regarding us. We needed meat badly for our boys, but a wounded buffalo is perhaps the most dangerous animal in all Africa to meet, and I hesitated to shoot, on my wife's account. There being plenty of trees, I could look out for myself. But she waxed enthusiastic over the prospect of fresh meat, and hid away behind some bushes, where she was reasonably safe. I went off to an ant hill, in another direction, and fired, wounding the animal

in the abdomen. Instead of charging the ant hill, as I had expected, he galloped straight ahead, and I did not dare to fire again, lest he veer and catch sight of my wife. We followed his spoor of blood and half-digested food for four miles, but could not get him.

About that time my boys spied a few bees and quickly made their way to a tree in which was the nest. One man climbed the tree, another made a smudge of old rags which he tore from his scanty loin cloth, and the first man shoved it into a small opening in the tree. A third man quickly chopped off a piece of bark, which he made into a trough. The first man reached into the tree and pulled out chunk after chunk of honey without the least sign of fear, although the bees were crawling all over his hands and arms.

It was now nearly noon and I was faint from the chase, so I took one fine piece of honey and ate it, but its effect on me was very different from that on Jonathan, the valiant son of Saul. My eyes were not enlightened, and I soon lost all my valor and, subsequently, the honey.

The beauty of the country through which we were passing was a continual delight to the eye. There were no high ranges of hills, but the country was undulatory and for the most part well adapted

to farming, though now heavily timbered. Sometimes there were swampy stretches, small streams of beautiful water were abundant, and large rivers were not infrequent. Some of the rivers had to be crossed on tree trunks, some waded, and some in dilapidated bark canoes in charge of native ferrymen, to whom we had to pay from one to six yards of cloth as ferriage for the entire caravan.

Although it was the sere of the year, yet exquisite blossoms greeted us on every hand, for in her great African conservatory Nature has arranged for a succession of flowers the whole year round. Adornment seems to be her constant passion, and even where the veld fires leave a blackened wake, in but a few days the sooty background is starred with yellows, white, crimson, and nearly all other colors. And the white, barren, sandy stretches which so tire the feet of the traveler are also cheered with masses of dainty heather.

Moreover, we were not only in a hunter's paradise, but what would have been an entomologist's heaven. Even the attacks of the flies, mosquitoes, and the savage ants could not prevent a thorough enjoyment of the miriads of new and funny insects, beetles, and bugs. We never tired of that sociable little chap, the praying mantis. He has such an endless variety of costumes. His common garb is

straw-colored and makes him look like a piece of dry grass. But sometimes he 's green as grass, then again he copies the leaves of the trees, and at this time we saw the most beautiful specimen yet, a mantis about ten inches long, an exact reproduction of the rough moss which grows on trees. But he refused to be caught for closer examination, like the other members of his family, who would walk over us and be handled without the least sign of fear.

The bees were friendly, too; uncomfortably so. As we rested in camp the next Sunday, they lighted on everything and everybody, though no one was stung. Our boys foraged and brought in loads of honey, and bees with it. There were swarms that day of bees, tsetse flies, and big deer flies, all of which tend to keep the memory of that Sunday green in our minds.

The second week we entered the Wakaonda country, and from there to Kanshanshi were among the Wakaonda tribe. We were struck at once with the superior physical appearance of the people and the air of alertness and ambition shown by them in their large, clean kraals, well built, commodious mud huts, carved wooden stools, which they brought out for us to sit on, and the absence of the hemp pipe. At Kanshanshi we were told that

this tribe positively refrains from all hemp-smoking. We were also told by the manager of the mine, who had been among them six years, that he considered the Wakaonda one of the finest tribes he had ever met in a long experience in South Africa.

On several evenings the Wakaonda women came out to our camp to look at Mrs. Springer, she being the first white woman they had ever seen. Their heads were loaded down with beads and cowry shells woven into the hair. It was odd, but not ugly. Like most of the women of other tribes through which we passed, their ornaments were their chief articles of clothing. But in the previous tribes there was not enough ambition among the people to even wear ornaments of any amount.

On the fourth day out from Kanshanshi we came to the kraal of Kaliere, which had been raided by slavers from the west only a year previously, and several persons carried away as slaves to Angola.

For a week past I had had one carrier very sick with bloody flux. I had not dared to leave him where he might be seized and sold for a slave if he got well, but when we got on the main trail from Kapopo to Kanshanshi, where hundreds of carriers were constantly going back and forth, I left him, and two of his brothers with him.

The next day being Saturday, we had to reach a kraal for Sunday, so we covered twenty-five miles to do it. I then paid off three other brothers of the sick man, so that they could go back and take care of him.

This left me short of carriers, and a big, fat, cheeky fellow thought he would take advantage of the fact to demand more pay. He influenced his gang of six to mutiny and, when they could not accomplish their ends, to desert. This was the only case of desertion I had during the entire journey.

As I then had to load up the machilla men, leaving only two to carry the machilla, Mrs. Springer had to walk nearly the whole way the next two days, until we came to the farm of an enterprising young Frenchman, M. Nicoley, who was making an early and worthy start toward supplying grain and vegetables for the Kanshanshi mine, seven miles away. What with the fly preventing all cattle being used, and the necessity of farming entirely with native hoes, with the lumbersome hippopotami tramping down his fields by night and the flocks of paroquets eating his standing grain by day, his task of establishing a farm was not an easy one. Nevertheless he was surely succeeding.

The next morning M. Nicoley let me have five

of his men, and we pushed on to Kanshanshi, the second landmark in our journey.

This is the first of the great copper mines discovered by the Tanganika Concessions, a large English company. There is evidence that it was worked by the natives of the country centuries ago. Thousands of tons of copper have been taken out, and in some places they had gone down as low as forty feet on the reef, taking out only the ore.

Although in recent years this part of the country had been practically deserted by the natives, it is not at all unlikely that these ancient workings were done by the Bantu race, for elsewhere the natives still continue the digging, smelting, and working of copper. Large copper coins in the shape of a Greek cross were in use when the white men arrived, in 1899.

When the prospecting party reached that country there was no village within twenty-eight miles of Kanshanshi, nor were there any paths in the almost unbroken forest all around.

But the Wakaonda knew of the copper deposit, and the party was directed by Kasempa to Peripanga, and he conducted them to the mine, receiving a few blankets as a reward for his services.

The Cape-to-Cairo Railway had at that time

only reached Bulawayo, eight hundred miles to the south. Therefore, on account of expensive and slow transport, the development of the mine had been slow. Some of the heaviest machinery was taken up on three ox-wagons with sixty oxen. They had to make their road through the fly belt, and the oxen all died within a few months.

At the time of our visit the mine had been proved to a depth of two hundred feet and a substantial lode, which smelted from five to forty-five per cent pure copper, with an average of fifteen per cent, had been exposed. The smelted copper contains an ounce of gold per ton.

Shortly after we passed through Kanshanshi a smelting plant arrived and was hauled up from Broken Hill by traction engines. About one hundred tons of copper is now being smelted each month and hauled down to the rail head by these same engines.

This deposit of copper outcrops in several distinct reefs in the kopje, or hill, which rises some two hundred feet above the surrounding country. We were taken to the top of this hill by Mr. Robinson, the manager.

It was a decided relief to get onto some such eminence, for all the way from Broken Hill we had been traveling in an almost interminable for-

est. We had crossed a few ridges, but on them the trees were thickest and so high that no outlook was afforded. The open spaces of country had been largely confined to low, swampy vlejs.

The Kanshanshi kopje was like an island in a sea of undulating tree tops that surrounded us in every direction. Occasionally could be seen an open vlej, and here and there a clearing for some native garden as the natives from the thickly populated sections are coming nearer to the mine.

Within the circle of the horizon were perhaps a score of other kopjes, varying slightly in size, the most conspicuous of them being Chafugama, a mountain just within British territory, six miles north of Kanshanshi.

From this view-point we were able to get a good idea of the Congo-Zambesi watershed, which is the natural highway from the west coast to the heart of Central Africa and has been used as such for decades, if not for centuries. Following its course has been the famous slave route, along which untold thousands of wretched captives have been hurried from the interior tribes to be sold in Angola, and from there to the markets of the world. Moreover, the route is still marked with the bones of recent victims.

This watershed extends in an easterly and west-

erly direction from a point seven hundred miles west of Kanshanshi to near Lake Nyasa, six hundred miles east. Throughout this entire length there is a well-sustained height of from 4,000 to 5,500 feet, the altitude at a number of places, as here at Kanshanshi, approximating a mile above sea level.

This is the roof of Central Africa, from which flow two of the largest and most magnificent water systems of the world. It is not a high or well-defined ridge, or a range of hills: its elevation is but little above that of the surrounding country.

To use a very homely illustration, the physical geography of Central Africa might be likened to the roof of a shed, carriage-house, or lean-to. From the coast all around South Africa the land rises rapidly, so that two hundred miles inland there is usually an elevation of about three thousand feet, forming an immense and for the most part a rather level plateau from three to five thousand feet in altitude.

This constitutes what is popularly known as the white man's country, as, on account of the altitude, most of this plateau is healthful and safe for white occupation.

To the north of the Congo-Zambesi watershed the elevation decreases nearly half inside of two

hundred miles. The Lualaba River, which rises only a few miles from Kanshanshi and which will be more particularly mentioned later, drops about three thousand feet in two hundred and fifty miles. This watershed therefore marks the rather abrupt end of this plateau, which for two thousand miles southward has an average elevation of about four thousand feet, and it marks also the beginning of the hot, densely-populated, unhealthy regions of the Congo basin to the north.

This watershed is the line on which the Benguella Railway, which is already completed for one hundred and fifty miles from Lobito Bay, will be laid. It is said that there are four hundred and fifty miles of almost level land without a single bridge to build.

From being the scene of slave-raiding and the line of march of the slave caravans dragging their wretched victims along loaded with heavy logs and chains, spurred by the brutal lash of the slave-driver or left piteously to die of starvation or by wild beasts by the trail, this watershed will in a very few years be transformed into an iron highway over which shall go the legitimate traffic of Central Africa.

It is also expected that the bulk of the mail and passenger traffic from London to Rhodesia

and the Transvaal will pass this way, as there will be a saving of four to six days by this route.

As we stood there that day, with the Wakaonda country stretching along in British territory to the south of the divide, and with the extensive mineral field all around us, the strategic value of this healthy location was obvious. Here in this very vicinity was a matchless location for a training institution to be related to the work on the mines, in the kraals, and in the towns which are to spring up along this rich mineral belt.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS.

On June 10th we left for Kambove, having spent a day and a half at Kanshanshi, where we had received all possible courtesy and kindness from the men in charge of the mine and also from the trader, Mr. Ullman, who gave us carriers with which to go on, for I had had to pay off the eleven natives which had been loaned to me by the Broken Hill Mine, so that I should have been badly off had not Mr. Ullman been able to supply me with boys and food. As we had a straight trek of one hundred miles without a single kraal ahead of us, it was necessary to take along a week's supply of food for each carrier.

Seven miles from Kanshanshi we passed the boundary between Rhodesia and the Congo State. This boundary follows the line of the watershed. It gives a man a new appreciation of the wonderful economy of this world to stand on that boundary line, almost midway of the continent from east to

west, and realize that of the tiny streamlets which are born only a few rods apart, some flow southward into the Zambesi, down over those magnificent falls, and at last empty into the Indian Ocean; while on the other side the waters from those crystal, cold springs flow northward by leaps and bounds to the mighty Congo, whose muddy waters can be seen six miles out in the Atlantic Ocean.

In the matter of paths we now had a pleasant change. A straight bicycle path had been cut and cleared through the forest, so that travelers between Kanshanshi and Kambove could make the whole 110 miles in one day on their bicycles. But we could not have done it on *ours*. It had been out of commission for three or four days before we reached Kanshanshi, where Gifford got another hind wheel, so that it had now two hind wheels. It reminded us strongly of the impression made by a small boy's home-made pants, hard to tell which way he was going.

We had to make our first stop at Musofi, fifteen miles from Kanshanshi, the first government station of the Congo State, in charge of a Mr. Thomas, who could speak English sufficiently well to render conversation easy. He showed us every kindness and made much of the fact that Mrs. Springer was the first white lady to visit Musofi.

We were also interested to learn that he had a sister and uncle living in Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. Thomas proved to be an unusually enterprising young man. The next morning (which chanced to be his twenty-fifth birthday) he took us down to his gardens.

The government post at Musofi is built on an elevation 5,600 feet above sea level. A half mile away and about 500 feet below runs the Musofi River, a vigorous little stream of beautiful water. This river valley, being well sheltered from cold winds and frost, and capable of easy irrigation, affords an ideal place for gardens.

Mr. Thomas had wheat, tobacco, Kaffir corn, Indian corn, all kinds of table vegetables, strawberries, guavas, pawpaws, bananas, lemons, oranges, etc., growing to perfection. The wheat was particularly fine and was grown during the rainy season, without irrigation. The rainfall in that section along the divide is very heavy; fifty-nine inches were registered in 1906. Mr. Thomas's experience and that of others proves that this whole district around here is well adapted to general farming.

The one drawback is the tsetse fly. And when the wild game is killed or driven off, that too will disappear. Certain sections are clear of them al-

ready. One Boer had trekked north and had settled with cattle in British territory near enough to Musofi so that he supplied Mr. Thomas with milk.

Mr. Thomas informed me that in his entire district, which was half as large as the State of New Jersey, there were only 1,500 natives. This plateau has been depopulated chiefly by slavers, the Arabs of the north and east, and the Portuguese of the west. "The open sore of the world," truly!

Ten miles beyond Musofi we crossed the first of the twin sources of the Lualaba River, and three and a half miles further crossed the other. They were vigorous little brooks, that could easily be jumped, and the memory of their clear, cold water often came back to our minds as in after days we tramped hot, dusty, sandy plains or camped beside one of the muddy, stinking puddles to be found in the far-away Songo country.

We were still traveling in an almost unbroken forest. The trees were large and graceful, from forty to sixty feet in height. Most of them were of the ordinary soft wood, useless for anything except firewood and temporary timbering in mines and huts.

Mr. Robinson, however, informed me that he

had recently come upon an ant- and borer-proof variety, which is exceedingly valuable for mining-timber, a very hard, red wood. There is also to be found mahogany and African teak, and the skilled native mechanics on the mines make some very creditable furniture out of these. The country is well watered, so that we had no difficulty in finding good camping-places. And for that Sunday between the two mines, we had a particularly favorable spot for a Sabbath's rest.

As has been stated, every morning we had prayers with the whole caravan before setting out on the trail. As the carriers represented several different tribes, I used English entirely. They could only understand the spirit of the act, in any case.

But on Sundays I tried to get a better means of communication and hold a regular service. This Sunday, having eighteen Wakaonda carriers along with us, I was very desirous of at least conveying to them who we were and what was our business as missionaries. As far as the ordinary daily needs of the trail were concerned, I was always able, with the few words I could pick up in passing from tribe to tribe, to make myself understood. But when it came to conveying deeper thoughts, and

especially spiritual ideas—why, that was an entirely different proposition.

My heart went out to these Wakaonda, and I determined, if possible, to impart to them something of the Gospel message. So I looked about for an interpreter. Benjamin understood English, and I could also talk to him in the Chikaranga. But the natives could not understand him. We had one carrier called Sjambok (pronounced Shambuck, and meaning a whip made of hippo hide), who could understand Benjamin and who could also with difficulty make himself understood fairly well to the Wakaonda. And when it was seen that they did not understand, usually the rest of the caravan chimed in, and one after another gave his version, until I think the Wakaonda got to know that we were not prospectors, nor hunters, nor merely explorers, but that we were teachers, who had a Book from God, a book which tells men how to live and how to die. We told them what they knew, that God the great Spirit created this world, and that He created men. But we also told them what they did not know, and that was that He was their Father and that Jesus Christ was their Savior. We said that we were missionaries, and that by and by there would come teachers into their country to teach them about God, and what to do, and

what to be. It was a crude service indeed, but it left a few seeds of truth, and we may find in the future years that some of these grains of truth fell into good ground.

This was a country rich in big and little game, but for three days the tall grass prevented our getting a shot, although we were sorely in need of more food for our caravan. But one day we came to a burnt vlej, and there, to our delight, sighted a whole herd of wart hogs. As the boys came up with the guns, I seized the first one, which was Gifford's, and started in pursuit. Soon I came to three pigs about 300 yards away and fired three times without hitting any of them. Then I found I had no more cartridges with me, so I went back to the trail and waited for the carrier who had the ammunition, when I supplied myself, and, taking two boys with me, went back to the pigs.

But the three pigs were gone, and I wandered on to the next vlej, where I saw a big sow and a half-grown pig, and got them both. The big one weighed about 160 pounds and the small one fully 60 pounds. We strapped the big one onto a pole, and the two boys carried it between them, while I shouldered the small one and walked on until we overtook our caravan, which had been halted at the first water and where Mrs. Springer and Gifford

were waiting for me. Gifford had been out looking for pigs too, but had failed to see any.

Our coming was heralded with shouts of rejoicing, and there was little but the bristles and bones of either pig that went to waste. We saved a couple of small hams for ourselves, and more delicious eating would be hard to find.

As we neared Kambove the character of the country changed, and the last day was very hilly and the scenery majestic and magnificent. But it is hard to enjoy even the most beautiful country when toiling along steep roads on an empty stomach. Although we did not know it, we had taken the easier and the longer of the two trails leading to Kambove, so that we had just ten miles more that day than we had expected.

I had taken the bicycle and gone on ahead in the morning, expecting to strike the camp after fourteen miles, or probably an hour's ride. Instead of that I had twenty-four miles of such a character that I did not arrive until one o'clock. Knowing that our carriers were all hungry and that the others would be used up with the extra walking, I got the mine to give me six carriers, and we went back to meet them. I found both Mrs. Springer and Gifford almost exhausted and footsore, while the carriers were hardly able to keep on,

and some of them utterly unable to carry their loads any further from faintness. I bundled my wife into the machilla, and six fresh men started off on the run with her. Gifford got onto the wheel with a sense of relief and the boys who were in the worst condition had their loads taken from them, and so we made the remaining four or five miles. As the machilla neared the camp the word became noised about that a white woman was in it, and soon another crowd like the one at Kafulafuta was running alongside of it and the singing could be heard a mile away. For here also she was the first white woman to visit the camp.

As our caravan was so badly used up, and it was already Thursday evening, we decided we would have to remain over until the following Monday. During that time we received every possible courtesy. The manager, Mr. J. G. Watson, insisted on turning himself out of Mr. Grey's large, comfortable brick house and taking up his abode in a hut, while we occupied the house. Mr. Blane, the secretary, hunted up and furnished some most valuable maps, made by prospectors of the company, which were a great help to us on the latter part of our journey, and, in every way, one and all gave us all possible assistance and a warm welcome.

We were greatly interested to learn that the first recorded mention of these copper fields was made by Livingstone, who heard of them from the natives during his travels. They told him of a district called Katanga, in which there were two mountains of copper, between which was a ravine, from the sands of which gold was washed.

We were told that the promoters of these mining companies were guided more by Livingstone's notes than anything else, and they were encouraged by those notes to continue their search for the Katanga country, of which he had written, until they found it and its two mountains of copper, Kambove and Msesa.

The first camp had been built at Kambove, but shortly before our arrival a new camp had been built and the five white men were being moved to Msesa. Of the two mountains, Kambove is far the richer. It is veritably a mountain of copper malachite, a soft sandstone thoroughly impregnated with copper. It has no reef like Kanshanshi, nor has it such a variety of forms of copper. As one of the men aptly put it, Kanshanshi is a perfect picture gallery. But Kambove has the advantage in size and workability. Even the scanty soil on the surface of the mountains assays six per cent pure copper. So when the smelting plants

are up, this mountain will only need to be quarried, sliced away by the cart-load, and smelted. Shafts and cross drives have been made all over it to the depth of one hundred feet, and it has proved to be of varying richness throughout, with an average yield of twelve per cent, and its working will be most simple and inexpensive.

But while Msesa was found less rich, it is still rich in copper. Even the grass is so tainted with copper that no animals can live there. Mr. George Grey has experimented with sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, etc., we were told, but at the time of our visit only one scrawny goat, a lean sheep, and a small dog remained. The last of the pigs had been named Violet. She seemed to thrive fairly well, but finding that she could not live on grass, took to dieting on chickens. When it was reported to Mr. Grey that Violet was living on chickens, he at once gave orders for her to be eaten. They were hoping the sheep would survive long enough to furnish a Christmas dinner.

Farther south in Rhodesia we heard the rather fishy-sounding report that the early prospectors had discovered mines with their field glasses. We found the report to be true and easily explained. The first party soon learned that a treeless kopje, covered with scanty, sickly grass, would be almost

sure to contain copper. So they would go to the top of one copper-bearing hill and look through their glasses for a similar one and then make their way to it, and, finding copper indications, peg it out.

Very little prospecting was now being done, and, excepting two or three mines, no development was going on, everything waiting on the construction of the railroad into the country.

But certain investigations were being carried on, and for the next few weeks there was to be a succession of parties consisting of engineers, surveyors, medical experts to study the sleeping sickness, etc. This latter subject presented a problem which greatly affected the labor supply of the mines.

The climate at Kambove is excellent and fever almost unknown. The elevation of the camp is about six thousand feet, the country is very hilly, and the land well drained and well watered by sparkling mountain streams. At present game abounds. The day we arrived six zebra had been killed, and brought into camp, and we found their flesh very good eating indeed. The next day a big antelope was shot and we were given a fine big shoulder to roast and take along with us.

A garden maintained by the company par-

ticularly interested us. Here, under the direction of a Swahili, an east coast native, were grown all kinds of garden vegetables, several fruits, as lemons, oranges, bananas, and pawpaws, wheat, and quantities of all kinds of flowers, including fine La France roses, California poppies, and giant sunflowers.

Fifty miles to the east of Kambove is the Garenganze Mission, at Nkoni Hill, established by Mr. Frederick Arnot, twenty-three years previously. He belongs to and is supported by the Open Brethren. Their work extends eastward and northward of Nkoni Hill among a tribe whose big chief used to be Msiri.

From Kambove we went nearly due west ninety-four miles to the Ruwi mining camp. On the second day we passed Mikoba's kraal, which was the only one on the path between Kanshanshi and Ruwi. The chief and his people came out to us with copper knives, axes, hoes, etc., for sale. They had themselves smelted the copper ore and had beaten it into these various implements and we bought all we could afford to carry, which were but few.

It was no small credit to this chief, Mikoba, that he had built for the company a bridge a mile

long on simple trestles over a bad swamp just beyond his kraal.

The trail to Ruwi was, on the whole, a pretty rough one, with hills, and swamps, and rivers. The day before we reached Ruwi, Mr. Gifford was quietly wheeling along when the path made a sudden bend around an ant hill and he nearly came onto a leopard which was preparing to lie down in the path. He dismounted without any unnecessary delay and at the click of his pedal the huge beast, without looking to see what the noise was, bounded off at once into the forest. This was his second leopard.

The first one he had seen while we were at Kambove, when word was brought that the natives had seen a leopard, and, as one had been regularly visiting the hen coop, Mr. Blane decided to go after it. Gifford gladly joined him and soon we heard shots. Not long after our friend appeared and I called out, "Well, who got the leopard?" With a wry face, he laconically replied, "I got the scare, but Blane got the leopard." It seems that while crawling through some thick jungle Gifford had put up the leopard not more than six feet away, and the first intimation he had of its presence was a savage snarl. Instantly the leopard bounded from him to where

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Crossing the Lunga in a Bark Canoe.

Crossing the Lualaba.

Mr. Blane and the natives were on the search and all hands opened such a volley that he was soon dispatched.

June 21st is the shortest day in the year in Southern Africa. On that morning we again crossed the Lualaba River, which was no longer "to the ankles," but it had become a deep, wide river with a flow of 74,200 cubic feet of water per minute. This measurement was taken in August when the river would be lowest.

Twelve miles below our point of crossing is the Nzilo Gorge, in which are several cataracts and falls, one, the Lukaka Falls, having a sheer drop of one hundred feet. Altogether within a few miles the river drops approximately fifteen hundred feet. This will give not far from 150,000 horse-power. The Lualaba River cuts directly across the copper belt, and these water powers lie between the copper and tin belts in a very rugged country.

The *glossina palpalis* has been found in this gorge. It is a curious fact that this and the *glossina morsitans*, or cattle fly, confine themselves to restricted areas. The latter variety is unusually bad between Kambove and this river, so much so that white men usually go onto that trail provided with mosquito net veils and heavy gloves.

Yet on the west side, toward Ruwi, there are no tsetse flies, and only a few miles from the Lualaba the company's cattle were grazing in perfect safety and thriving well.

Ruwi camp is not so unlike that at Kambove, or Msesa, as the new camp is named. Located in the primitive forest, the same care has been taken to preserve the shade and beauty of the natural woods as much as possible.

We were kindly received by the acting manager, Mr. Cookson, who took us to some comfortable guest huts along a sharp ridge overlooking the Lualaba Valley and a stretch of flat country fully forty miles to the northeast.

Of the seven white men at Ruwi, only two of them were exclusively engaged on that mine, this being the headquarters for the western group of mines. It is near the western end of the copper belt so far as is known. About forty miles north of here is Busanga, on the Lualaba River. Busanga is the beginning of the tin belt, which has been proved to exist almost without a break for a distance of fully 110 miles in a northeasterly direction.

Iron is also found in large quantities all about the country. And besides the minerals mentioned, a number of subsidiary metals, such as lead, vana-

dium, and palladium, have been found in limited quantities.

Limestone is general throughout the country, coal shale has been found, and expectations are entertained of finding commercial coal, such as has been found in large quantities in Southern Rhodesia.

In smelting copper certain other elements are necessary, such as iron and lime, and where they do not exist in connection with the mines, they have to be added. Several of these mines have enough of these minerals combined with the copper to be what is known as self-fluxing. So favorable are the conditions and so easily accessible all the necessary elements in treating the ore, and so near an abundance of electrical power, that one of the men put it well when he said in all reverence, "God made this country to produce copper."

Besides the copper mines in this vicinity, there is an area of shed gold adjacent to the camp. This gold they were able to recover by the primitive method of washing in sluice boxes. One nugget washed out weighed nine ounces, sixteen pennyweight. Up to September 30, 1905, there had been over seven thousand ounces of gold washed. This mine has been a producer of revenue for some time.

Four diamonds have been found, and prospecting is being carried on over a wide area to discover their source. In short, no one yet knows what the true wealth of the concessions is. In the laboratory we saw samples of minerals from different parts, and from Mr. Studt, the expert metallurgist, we obtained much information about the entire mineral belt, confirming and enlarging upon the reports and information we had been gathering along the way and what we had seen with our own eyes. And we were also much indebted to Mr. Studt for an excellent collection of representative samples to take to America with us.

Our own observations and investigations had convinced us of the existence within the territory of the Tanganyika Concessions not only of a "copper belt which will yet astonish the world," but also of large deposits of other minerals as well. The situation as a whole is well summed up in an editorial which appeared in the "African World" June 27, 1908, a year after our visit to the Concessions: "Probably few people are aware of the magnitude of Central African interests embraced in the negotiations now rapidly arriving at final stages (which were completed and the agreements signed early in July) between the powerful groups controlling the Tanganyika Concessions,

and associated companies, and the great Rhodesian railway interests. Slowly, but surely, the very center of Africa has been brought to the point that the iron links of which Cecil Rhodes dreamt a quarter of a century ago will soon join up the backbone of the Cape-to-Cairo project coastwards west and east. Thanks to Mr. Robert Williams's statesmanlike work in the past five years, the railroads of three great and friendly nations will join hands in Central Africa, which is only waiting for the opportunity granted by rapid transit to blue water to yield a mineral wealth undreamt of a few years ago, but now proved to exist beyond all possible doubts."

CHAPTER VII.

MINES AND MISSIONARY OPPORTUNITIES.

Africa is unique among the continents. It is the last to be thoroughly explored and made known to the rest of the world. It has laid to one side of the world movement, east and west, along which the other nations have been moving for centuries.

A very potent influence in the development of the Aryan races has been their constant contact and contest with other peoples, some similar and some dissimilar to themselves; also, the migration from one country to another, the international commerce of products and ideas, all greatly facilitated by the very contour of those northern countries and by their embayed coasts.

Africa, on the contrary, has but few harbors and no great indentations on all its thousands of miles of coast line, and though its northern shore has been the stage of action of many nations, yet

the great Sahara has been more effective than a Chinese wall in guarding the whole continent to the south and keeping it in a state of continual isolation.

Arabs and Phoenicians traded along the east Coast for centuries, but have left little trace upon the peoples of the interior. And except for these small influences, the natives of Africa had practically no contact with the outside world for centuries.

During the fifteenth century there came a period of extensive exploration, in which Spain and Portugal took the most active part. When certain difficulties arose between the two countries, the Pope interfered and appointed each a separate province, Spain to the west and Portugal to the east.

Thus while Spain made the great discoveries in the western world, Portugal explored the coast line of the great sphinx-like continent to the south and penetrated some distance into the interior at a few places.

Not the least valuable of the assets of Africa was that of a physically virile, tractable, and trusty people. The western world discovered by Spain lacked just that asset, though its wealth of fertile lands, as was early seen, was just waiting

to be cultivated in order to yield rich returns. Therefore, the various nations of Europe engaged in the transportation of the unwilling, but defenseless, natives of Africa to the western continent and islands.

But the vast interior of Africa, with its tribes and peoples not near the coast, remained in their isolation (save for the attacks of the Arab and Portuguese slavers), participating but little in the general world movement, neither advancing in the scale of civilization nor achieving anything of permanence, and contributing practically nothing to the development of the resources of the world, or to the power and comfort of man.

On the contrary, they were broken and deteriorated by the slave trade, spending their years in indolent existence, or following the warpath in the ceaseless turmoil of tribes and the gratification of a savage bloodthirstiness.

And so might Africa have waded on in blood through future centuries, a few Dutch folk going somewhat inland from the southern extremity in search of broad valleys for their flocks, and a few Britishers and other Europeans dwelling and trading in the seaport towns. Railroads might have crept slowly inland through decades, and the more healthful parts of the southern end gradually

been settled by the whites, while all the rest were left to the natives and the few missionaries who might seek them out.

But such was not, is not, to be the history of Africa. Livingstone's first book of travels turned the eyes of the whole civilized world upon that hitherto unknown continent and its possible wealth, and started a tide of inquiry which has sent out hundreds of explorers in his wake.

But it was not until the discovery of the diamond mines at Kimberly and the gold mines of Johannesburg, in the early eighties of the last century, that the real exploitation of Africa began. And now each year, and almost each month, but adds new confirmation to the wealth of already discovered areas, and extends the list of sections of the continent which are found to be mineralized.

Gold has been found, and the world clamors for gold; copper has been found, and the electrical age must have copper; rubber is there in immense quantities, and never were there so many uses for rubber, so much so that the demand is still greatly in excess of the supply; the wealth of Europe and America has so increased as to make a ready market for the luxuries of ostrich feathers, ivory, diamonds, and other precious stones.

What the world wants of a material nature the

world is bound to have, and thus the great activity of prospecting, building railroads, and the general development of the resources of South Africa.

Railroads are absolutely necessary to the development of the interior of Africa. But as a certain magnate once said to a delegation which waited on him, "Railroads are not built on sentiment. But," he added, "wherever a mineral belt or any other industry gives promise of traffic to warrant it, there you can count on it we will build a railroad."

The mineral wealth of Africa, then, is the lodestone which is attracting the extensive immigration of Europeans to all parts of the continent, of whom there is now estimated to be about one and a half million permanent settlers in South Africa alone. And these numbers will steadily increase, as the climate is far more salubrious than the climates in which most of the immigrants have been born. Directly or indirectly, it is the mine which contributes to the support of all of these, whether they be directly employed in mining, trade, or agriculture.

A study of the situation will soon convince one of the natural relation between the development of the mineral wealth and the industrial development of the natives. The natives will be employed

on the mines, farms, railroads, in the stores, and shops under the supervision of skilled white men.

The necessity of reducing the working cost to the lowest possible figure, and the highly inflated salaries which have been paid in South Africa to the white men, leads each mine or other business to give attention to the training of the brightest native employees to do much of the work of drilling, running engines, time-keeping, etc.—work that has formerly been done by whites.

This results in the raising up of a large band of natives as industrial agents, at the same time increasing their pay and their earning power.

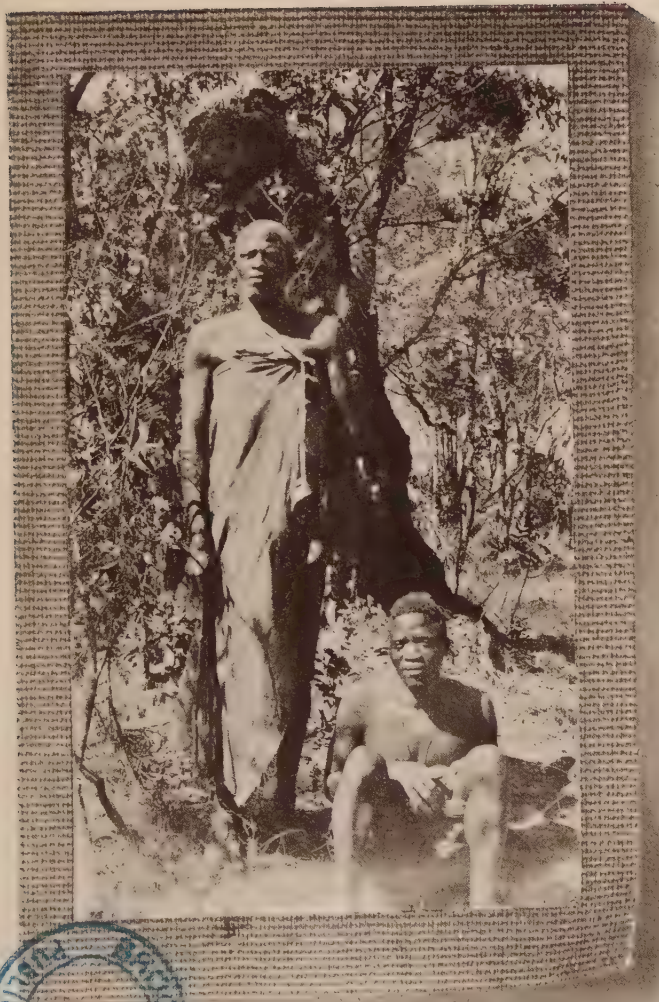
In a certain sense, every mine becomes an industrial training school for the natives. If the number of applicants for work are insufficient, the mine sends out agents to remote, distant, and oftentimes unhealthy sections to recruit labor for the mines.

They house, feed, and control them; they give them that fundamental discipline of regularity and continuity of labor, of working for what they receive, of fulfillment of contract, and demonstrate on pay day that a man is compensated according to the results he has produced, besides not a few other wholesome lessons of respect for others, of honor, and of honesty. To be sure, on some mines

there have been, and doubtless will be, certain undesirable and unfavorable conditions for the natives. Yet, on the whole, the great majority will, from self-interest, if nothing more, deal fairly and justly with the native. They have learned to do this, so that when the native returns to his section of country his good report will induce his friends to go to work at the same place, and in a few months or a year's time he will return to work, bringing a party of his friends with him.

This industrial training, as far as it goes, is excellent and important in the elevating of a savage race, but it does not go far enough.

"The inefficiency of exclusive industrial and educational work may be illustrated by a single incident. Bishop Colenso, sharing the opinion often expressed by captious critics, that civilization should precede Christianity, selected twelve boys from among the superior race of Zulus. He conscientiously and persistently devoted himself to their education and training, without a word or a suggestion of religion. They were bound over to him for a term of years on this condition. The susceptible Africans made rapid progress. When at last the good bishop thought they were civilized, he told them that all he had done was simply preliminary and was incomplete without the im-



A Mukaonda Chief and Attendant—
the Men to be Reached.

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measurably greater thing — the acceptance of Jesus Christ as their personal Savior and of His Gospel as their rule of life. The next morning all that was left of his promising protéges was their 'civilized' clothing. They had donned their loin-cloths and gone—back to their pagan homes, back to their pagan customs."*

Thus while the mines have a valuable part in the physical and mental training of the native, the Church is needed to give the all-important spiritual training, without which the other is of no particular significance to them and is a minimum of benefit.

And here the Church finds a wide opportunity by opening up night schools for the natives who work on the day shifts and day schools for those on the night shifts. The natives are attracted by the opportunity of learning to read and write English. They have considered that much of the ability and superiority of the white man is traceable to his ability to read and write. And their excessively imitative natures lead them to desire to learn to read and write also.

But while they enter the schools from this motive, the evangelistic spirit and exercises at the opening of the school, the Christian hymns in the vernacular, awaken their religious natures.

* "Daybreak in the Dark Continent," Naylor.

On the Sabbath, evangelistic services are held in the mine compounds, and, though the audience is a constantly shifting one, yet experience has demonstrated the value of such services, and numbers are reached and converted in just this way on the mines at Johannesburg, Kimberly, Old Umtali, Penhalanga, and elsewhere.

The schoolhouses or, as at Kimberly, the rooms are used for regular services on Sundays, and through the week for class-meetings and inquirers.

When a native young man on the mines steps out and becomes a Christian it usually means that he has counted the cost and means business. Such a young man at once begins to do the most effective preaching, after the manner of the early Christians, by simply testifying to his fellows of what he has experienced.

Certain of these young men will develop marked ability in the soul-saving line and feel the call to devote their lives to it. These need the help of special training in the study of the Scriptures. Hundreds of the ordinary men will return to their own people, carrying with them a portion of the Bible in their own tongue, there to begin the seed-sowing which shall reap a fruitful harvest.

Let me give one example: Many years ago two men from the Blaauw Berg Range, in the

northwestern part of the Transvaal, traveled some seven hundred miles to work at Port Elizabeth, which was practically the head of civilization fifty years ago. Here they worked on the docks shoveling coal by day and attending the Wesleyan night school evenings. They were both converted, baptized, and joined the Church.

When, after three years, the time came for their return to their own people, they asked the missionary if he would not send a teacher to their country. "We have heard and received the Good News," they said, "and now we must go back to our people who know nothing. We are as children: we only know a little. Will you not send us a teacher who will show us and our people the good way of God?"

The missionary promised them he would do his best and send them the first missionary available. But the years wore on, and the missionaries were few, and each one was needed elsewhere more than there. And then the man of God who made the promise died and the men from the Blaauw Bergs were long since forgotten. Twenty-five years later a young man by the name of Lowe was passing through that district to open up new work under the Wesleyans. As he approached one kraal, the people came thronging out to meet him with

shouts and excitement which left him in doubt whether it meant peace or war.

Calling his interpreter, he asked the cause of all this demonstration. The interpreter talked with two elderly men and after awhile got their story. They were the same two men who, a quarter of a century before, had left Port Elizabeth for the perilous journey to the interior, past hostile Boers and unfriendly tribes.

"We knew God would send us a missionary," they exclaimed with deep emotion. "All these years we 've been praying for a teacher to come and every day we have watched this trail for him. We knew he would come, and now he has." And their delight knew no bounds.

He went into the kraal and found it unusually clean and tidy. The huts were comfortable and it was noticeable that all the women were neatly and decently clothed in calico.

He found that all the men and boys had been taught to read and write, that they had kept the Sabbath, had refrained from having more than one wife, and, in short, had become a Christian village.

Later on they came to him with their Zulu Bibles and asked if he thought they could get new ones. These and a couple of primers were

all the books they had taken back with them. The Bibles (I am not sure they had more than the New Testament) were carefully tied up in red bandana handkerchiefs, as they had been used until every leaf was separated from the binding. And as he looked them over, he found many pages so well thumbed that the print was indecipherable. But it hardly mattered, as they knew those pages by heart.

When he looked among his books to get out new ones, they said humbly, "And could we please have a little larger print? These eyes of ours are dimmer than they used to be. But they have seen the missionary whom we knew God would send us and now our hearts are white and glad."

There have been hundreds of similar cases, only let us hope that in few the faithful eyes had time to grow dim as they watched the trail on which they *knew* the missionary would surely come.

Now, in view of the foregoing facts, it goes without saying that there is a wonderful opportunity open in the mining districts of Central Africa not only to reach the thousands in the compound work on the mines, but to have a large training center where the more promising class of converts may get a higher education and training for Christian service and to be fitted to adapt them-

selves to all the conditions of the complex civilization which will soon sweep into that country like a great tidal wave.

There should be kindergarten and primary schools for the little children, Bible and theological training schools, a printing press for the publication of books and papers in the vernacular, etc.

A look at the map makes it perfectly obvious that this rich mineral field is a strategic center for missionary work, a point from which the Gospel influences will spread and radiate to all parts of the continent.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN CONGO TERRITORY.

It had been our original purpose to proceed due west from Ruwi to Malange, which would have taken us along the proposed line of extensions of our missions in Angola, right through the Lunda country and also that of the Bangala tribe, a district that has not yet been explored to any great extent, and many parts of which no white man has ever penetrated.

The district lying between Ruwi and the Kassai River is one of the most remote sections of the Congo State. It has never been effectively occupied by the government and the tribes there have the reputation of being rank cannibals, particularly in time of war, when they feast on their enemies.

However, in times of peace, the ordinary (not belligerent) white man might go among them and by careful conduct might pass through with safety for himself and his carriers.

This had been one reason why we wanted carriers from Broken Hill to go right through to the west coast with us, as we wished to go through these tribes without fear of our carriers either deserting us or of their proving offensive. We knew that we could not on any account induce carriers from a near-by tribe to venture onto the ground of their sanguinary enemies.

More to be feared than the cannibals themselves was a roving band of revolted soldiery from the Congo State. Recruited themselves from cannibal tribes, they had deserted with their guns and ammunition, and had for two or more years terrorized this corner of the Congo State, raiding the towns, capturing slaves for the west coast market, disposing of the slaves to traders, who paid them in rifles and ammunition, etc. They were a desperate band of robbers, plunderers, and slavers.

We met one white man at Broken Hill who was captured by them and held ten days. He had a rough experience at their hands and considered himself lucky to have escaped with his life.

At Kanshanshi we first heard that hostilities had broken out between the government and the natives west of Ruwi. At Musofi, Mr. Thomas confirmed the report and refused to give us per-

mission to go that way. At Kambove we learned that the matter was so serious that one of the Concessions camps had been fired on not far from Ruwi. And so we had to give up all idea of proceeding by the due west route.

We had, therefore, to make for Nanakandundu, or Nyakatoro, where there is a mission station and a Portuguese fort. There was another mission between Ruwi and there, called Kalene Hill, a new station, under Dr. Fisher. No one at Ruwi could tell us the way, nor could we get any guides. But it was thought to be about a week's journey. So when the mine kindly supplied me with the eleven carriers I needed, they insisted that I take food for a week along with me and that I see to it that the men had a week's food from Kalene Hill to bring them back in safe and good condition. Moreover, as Mr. Cookson had just shot three hippo, he generously gave a big chunk of the flesh to each boy. Dr. Massey supplemented our rapidly diminishing stock of medicines, and Mr. Gillespie, the storekeeper, let us have the few things this "last chance" warned us to get, so we set out on the 24th of June.

There was a wagon road, twelve hundred miles in length, which had been opened up by Mr. H. I. Brown and Major Boyd Cunningham two years

before to transport loads from Benguella to Ruwi. Several wagon loads of heavy machinery, rails, trucks, battery, etc., had been brought over this road. But as it had followed the watershed and avoided rivers and swamps, it was much longer than to go by native paths. Moreover, it was so overgrown with grass that walking on it would have been very difficult.

Within twelve miles, after leaving Ruwi, we passed three copper mines of the Concessions. As we neared the third and last we had to cross a rather wide, shallow stream, whose emerald bed of copper malachite gleamed beautifully under the crystal waters.

Sixteen miles out we came onto a wide, deep swamp for which we were wholly unprepared. Owing to a late start, it was now time to camp. But there was no suitable place and, besides, neither we nor our carriers wanted to wade in icy waters the next morning. Mrs. Springer prepared to wade if it were necessary, and, with her eight boys all around her, got into the machilla while Gifford and I waded ahead. It took nearly an hour to cross, as it was one of the deepest, foulest swamps of our whole journey. And then when we got to the other side we had to travel nearly two miles further to reach wood, so that the sun had set

before we pitched camp and got a fire. I had been up since early that morning, packing loads, distributing food, assigning loads, and dealing with mutinous carriers, so that I had been almost ready to drop from sheer weariness before we got to the swamp. Then with that wading in cold mud and water added and getting chilled, I soon went to bed with the first and only fever all the time we were on the trail. While at Broken Hill we had been strongly advised by several to take five grains of quinine a day. So at the close of our evening meal each day we had all religiously taken what we called our "dessert." This dessert was a bitter one, indeed, but whether we owed to it our freedom from fever or not, I am unable to say. Certainly we crossed enough swamps and lowlands to expect fever. But that one night was the only time any of us whites had fever, though our carriers had it frequently. On another such journey I should take along sufficient quinine to give a regular dose to each carrier daily. And not only were we free from fever on the trail, but also when we reached the coast and throughout the sea voyage, and we arrived home in excellent health, and have not had the slightest touch of fever since.

That next morning, however, I still had a temperature and was sick enough to stay in bed,

but felt we must get on if possible. So I dressed and by 8:30 was on the trail. We had expected to reach the Government Post by noon that day, but when we did reach it, found it deserted, and all we could learn from the native left in charge was that a new one had been built further on and that we would reach it late in the afternoon. With this hope we kept going, until we had covered twenty-one miles and no sign of the "Boma"* yet, nor of water, either. The caravan stopped and we all began a search for water, while Gifford rode ahead and found some stagnant water in a vlej a mile or so ahead. It was bad, but the sun was sinking and we had to stop where we were.

So, in spite of my fever, I had made nearly twenty-three miles. The morning had been very cold and I had ridden some four miles in the machilla. Then I tried the wheel in the afternoon, for the sun was scorching. I had not gone far when I struck one of the many little stumps in the path, took a header, and practically finished the machine by hopelessly twisting the fork.

As the paths were now getting worse and worse, we were hardly able to ride at all. Nor could

*Note: The capitol of the Congo Free State is Boma, meaning in Kikongo a boa constrictor. So the name has gone inland and the natives call all government stations a "Boma." And losing its original meaning, the word has been passed on into Rhodesia to mean any station with white people on it.

we have had much use of the best wheel from this time on, while this one had now got its death blow. And for a few minutes I thought I had, too. In my weakened condition I thought I never could walk in that hot sun, but I had to do it, and when I reached camp the fever was gone, not to return.

As for the Government Station, we had to go four miles the next morning before we came to it. We had to report to a Belgian who did not understand English, and as we did not speak French, we held our conversation in the sign language mostly. He looked over our papers, endorsed them, and signified that he accepted us as proper persons. He also served us with tea and made us to understand that he would be pleased to have us remain over the night. We had hoped here to get some information about the trail ahead, or at least to secure a reliable guide, but in that we were disappointed. We got a guide for a day, but as he had never heard of Kalene Hill and did not know the path to Nanakandundu, he only got us lost.

But the guide, whose clothing was a minimum amount, had some notions in his head and began taking us through kraals, out of the direct course, for no other purpose that we could see than to show us off to his friends. I then called him to me

and, pointing due southwest, sought to impress upon him that I wanted to go in that direction and no other. He led us that way for awhile, but ere long turned north and soon landed at a kraal hidden in thick bush. The chief rushed out, gun in hand, thinking that the "Bulamatadi,"* or the slave raiders, were upon him, and ready to fight in either case.

When we made the chief and his armed men understand that we were harmless "Nglezi," or English, their excitement abated and they told us we were clear off the Nyakatoro trail. So I paid off the other fellow and sent him back. Even had he known the trail, his presence as representing Bulamatadi was a source of danger.

I then got the chief to put us on the right trail. We had to retrace our steps about a half mile, and then turn abruptly, and descend a high, steep bank to the Rufupa River, which was deep and fairly wide. A rude bridge had been made by cutting large trees on either side and letting their branches interlace mid-stream. It was not an easy one to cross, but quite a common type of bridge during the next five hundred miles where a river was too deep for fording.

*This term, which means Breaker-of-Rocks, was first given by the natives of the lower Congo to Stanley who was blasting a road. It is now extended all over the State to designate any and all of King Leopold's officials.

It took quite a while for all our men to cross and I did not dare leave any of them behind. While we were waiting on the bank a woman came down in a state of great excitement, shrieking and gesticulating in a most alarming manner. I did not know what new trouble might be in store for us. The chief listened and at first assumed an expression of tragic horror, when shortly he clapped his hands softly over his mouth and began to laugh. I was relieved at that, and, when some of our carriers began to understand, they laughed. Only the woman did not seem to see the joke of it. I inquired into it and learned that this woman and the others of the kraal had been working in their gardens when a lion had boldly made a charge and carried one of them off and this one had run to notify the men. But it was only a woman who was taken. It was rather a joke on her husband to thus lose one of his wives, but so cheaply is human life, and especially woman life, held, that it meant no more to most of them than the news that a goat had been eaten. Nor was there any move toward a possible rescue, although the woman was evidently urging it. The chief proceeded with us for another two or three miles, until we came to the right trail and on to the next chief, to whom he introduced us and probably vouched for our

character. I gave him two yards of cloth and a bit of salt for his services, whereupon he pleaded that he was a big chief and ought to have more, so I gave him a little more salt and he went back happy.

The chief here was very friendly and sold us plenty of sweet potatoes. The next morning he set out with us, accompanied by one of his men, both armed with old flintlock, muzzle-loading blunderbusses, which were highly ornamented with brass-headed tacks and highly valued by the natives. Loaded with flint stones or iron slag, these guns could do a bit of damage.

In Rhodesia natives are not allowed to own a gun. And the rule is a good one. But in the Congo State and in the Portuguese territory, on to the end of the trip, we seldom met a man unarmed, and in the villages each man's gun was within handy reach, leaning up against the huts or stockades. They are ineffective beyond a hundred yards, but even so by them the game of the country—that is, the eatable animals—had been practically exterminated. Now and then I saw a buck hide drying on the ground at the kraals, and I noted in every case it had two ragged holes made by these home-made bullets.

We were far off the main trail between Ruwi

and Nanakandundu, so for miles we were taken over trails so dim that only the men who knew them of old could have followed them. The country was rugged, and varied, and beautiful. Now we went for miles in a park-like forest, undulating, seamed with deep ravines, some dry and others having cold mountain streams coursing at the bottom, the banks lined with tall trees, graceful vines and delicate ferns in luxurious profusion. Now we crossed broad stretches of perfectly flat vlej, where the sun beat upon us pitilessly, or soft, spongy land which only needed a rain or two to turn it into soft bog.

These men took us on to the next kraal, which was also hidden away and heavily stockaded. We could only get guides from one kraal to the next, as we were held in suspicion until it was found out that we were "English."

We passed the abandoned sites of several large kraals, the heavy stockades of which showed that until recently the natives had been much more insecure than at present, as the British in Rhodesia, and Gray's men, in the last two years had been making it pretty hot for the slavers. Several slave caravans had been captured, the slaves freed, and the trading goods, with which to buy more, burned.

The third day out from Ruwi we nearly boxed the compass. No one seemed to know the trail to Nyakatoro, but each guide would take us to some kraal farther on, until we were almost in despair. But that evening we found a man who said he knew "Totola" (Doctor Fisher). Not knowing the Doctor's native name, we had about an hour's discussion before I could be sure I was getting a guide who knew where I wanted to go.

This man, Nyamba, however, agreed to go with us two days and so set forth the next morning. From his military bearing, his effusive politeness, and rascally countenance, I am sure he had served as a soldier under the Portuguese and probably had had his own part in many a slave raid. He took his small son with him to carry his spear, and the second day he was accompanied by two other armed men.

We had a hot two or three miles in the Lubudi Valley that day. In the rainy season I should judge the river would be a mile to a mile and a half wide, for more than that was covered with reeds and rushes growing to the height of ten to fifteen feet. As we made our way through them, along the low, narrow trail, it was like being in a steam bath. In the center lay the river, not very wide, but deep, over which we had to cross on a

single log. I feared for our loads and waited behind until I saw the last one safely over.

We stopped for lunch at the kraal of Kashaka. Imagine our relief when a party of natives came up to me and handed me a letter to show where they were going and I found they were from Dr. Fisher, bound for Nkoni Hill, via Ruwi. From them I learned the names of the kraals at which we would be likely to stop noons and nights, and my guides also learned the trail we wished to follow. This was a satisfaction after four days of wandering in all directions of the compass. Among these boys was one who had been sent from Ruwi to Kalene a year previously. He had eaten some of the green manioc root, the flour of which is the chief sustenance of the country, and had nearly died in consequence. He had been under the doctor's care for a year and was now just returning.

On leaving Ruwi we traveled three or four days among the Baluba and now were among the Balunda. We noticed that the further we advanced toward the west coast the more evidence there was of superstition among the natives. This is evidenced by the charms upon their persons and about their kraals. As we went along, we noted charms for the keeping away of evil spirits over

the entrance to every kraal and usually at the forks of roads. Along the path we would see frequent little shrines, in which could be seen old native pots containing dirt. Whether they had ever held food or beer, I can not say. But by the springs were little shrines with wooden troughs, which the people kept filled with water.

These Lunda people were an offshoot of the great Lunda tribe, which is located for hundreds of square miles on either side of the Kassai River. In Livingstone's day Mwata Yambo was the big chief. He was very friendly to the white man and was ready to send out an expedition against the Bachiokwe, to punish them for the annoyance they had given to Livingstone. The best information I could get was that there are now two sons of Mwata Yambo who rule in his place.

We found all these people very timid, but growing milder in character as we approached the Rhodesian border. On sight of us an alarm was usually given, and the men, women, and children could be seen fleeing for their lives into the thick underbrush which surrounded each kraal.

When Nyamba shouted to them and reassured them in their own tongue, they would return, whereupon Nyamba chafed them for running away from such harmless individuals as ourselves.

And then the women and children would set up a cry, which was not altogether unmusical, although a doleful minor, and they kept up this singing as long as we were in sight.

The night at Mwana Uta's kraal was memorable for two reasons. That evening there was the first and only real row between our carriers. This was remarkable, as from the very first I had as many as five or six tribes represented. Among these were six Awemba and the eight Angoni. From time away back there had been bad blood between these tribes and the Angoni had simply let the others alone on this trip. But the Awemba were quarrelsome and had given me trouble all the time from our very start at Broken Hill.

This evening they began to hunt trouble in the Angoni camp, but the Angoni refused to pay any attention to them until, in an exasperation of temper, a Muwemba made a charge. Then the fighting Angoni rose to the occasion and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, the Awemba beat a retreat, worsted and bleeding. Three of them were considerably bruised, with cuts on their shins, backs, and heads. They came to me breathing out slaughter against the Angoni and vowing they would not travel with them another day; no, not one.

I bound up their wounds and assured them they would be all right in the morning. On investigation I learned that a very cheeky Wemba youth had only got his just deserts, and so dropped the matter.

Another thing about the camp was the cold. We had had the thermometer ranging from 32 to 50 degrees at night ever since we left Broken Hill. None of the nights was warm, but this night of June 28th we could hardly sleep for the cold. In the morning we found nearly a half inch of ice in all the water utensils, and the thermometer registered 23 degrees Fahrenheit.

As we ached with the cold these nights, and shivered around the fire mornings and for the first hour on the trail, we were wont to grimly recall the popular idea in England and America that the heat in Africa is everywhere and at all times all but unendurable. However, though the evenings, nights, and mornings were so very cold, the mid-day sun was fierce whenever our path lay outside the shady forest.

The night had also served to cool off the tempers of the combatants, who shouldered their loads next morning without a word.

Just after mid-day we passed by an ant hill where two natives were engaged in smelting iron

ore, which is general in the country. The clay of the ant hill is particularly hard. This had been worked with water, molded, and evidently sun-dried. The furnace was circular in shape, charcoal had been made for fuel, and two goat skins were used for bellows. Whether the iron was placed in crucibles or on the charcoal, I can not say, but am inclined to think the latter. The natives throughout Africa are more or less acquainted with the processes of smelting and working iron ore.

We were now approaching the water-shed again. The country was mostly flat or undulating and marked by frequent streams and spongy vlejs. Some of the streams had worn out deep channels for themselves, but there was less of this as we approached the actual divide.

We were traveling through an immense tract of unrelieved heathenism. Behind us, to the east, there was no mission station for nearly four hundred miles. To the southwest of us were two missions, ninety miles apart, but the next beyond them was 250 miles away, at Muchiko, after which another break of 250 miles to the group of missions around Bihé. To the south, some three hundred miles away, was a little group of missions surrounded by an immense field totally untouched.

This water-shed is the southern boundary of a strip of country six hundred miles in width, which, beginning at Kanshanshi and extending one thousand miles to the Atlantic Ocean, has not a single mission or missionary except those of our own church in Angola, while all the thickly populated sections of that interior are still unrelieved heathenism.

CHAPTER IX.

TO THE KASSAI.

On the morning of July 1st we crossed the wagon road on the divide and soon came into Northwestern Rhodesia again. Our carriers were delighted to be back again in British territory, and we shared their sense of relief and security. For, whatever its imperfections, British rule is far superior to any other in all Africa.

We soon crossed the Zambesi, only twenty miles from its source. It seemed a pity that our limited time prevented our visiting the source itself, but "the King's business required haste," and we were not out on a pleasure trip. The river at this point was a vigorous, sparkling stream about twenty-five feet wide, and we crossed it on poles laid across for a bridge.

We were a hard-looking party, indeed. We had had no opportunity for having any washing done since leaving Ruwi, and for a good share of the time we had to walk through burnt or burning veld. Our clothes were also beginning to show

decided signs of wear after six weeks' steady trekking. Thorn trees are everywhere in Africa and had left their marks on us. My trousers had good-sized patches on the knees, taken from the legs of another pair. Gifford had had to cut off about ten inches of frayed and torn ends from his pant legs, which gave him the style known as "Congo pants," reaching just to the knees; while Mrs. Springer's short khaki walking skirt was fringed, like an Indian's, with rags.

At Kalene Hill we were heartily welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, their niece, Miss Darling, and Miss Ing, a trained nurse. There were also two white children on the station, two-year-old Charlie Fisher, and the six-year-old daughter of the Schindlers, whose station is ninety miles away.

Kalene Hill is quite high, overlooking a vast area of flat, poorly drained country, which is very unhealthful on that account. So this site was chosen primarily for a sanatorium for the workers in the Arnot Mission. It is only about fifteen miles from the Portuguese border to the west of them.

Only the previous October near here the British had caught and convicted three Portuguese of selling gunpowder in Rhodesia, and of being engaged in the slave traffic. It was not very far from here that, two years before, a man named

Bracken had overtaken a slave caravan, had freed the slaves, and burned all of the trading goods connected with it, while the offending Portuguese fled, and hid in a little cave close to the present mission site, and remained there until he could make his escape. And there will be more lively times yet ere this hydra-headed monster, the slave traffic, is utterly dispatched.

Mr. Bracken was an expert hunter. He had killed nine leopards. One day he fired on a tenth, but only wounded and infuriated the animal, so that it sprang on him, mauling him fearfully. He got free somehow and jumped into a river nearby, where he had to stay, in the meantime being tantalized by the beast, until his friends found him and killed the leopard. They took him to the Broken Hill Hospital as quickly as possible, but he died from the wounds and the shock, and was the first white man to be interred in the little cemetery at Broken Hill.

While at Kalene Hill we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Woest, who had just passed there with a drove of one thousand head of cattle. Dr. Fisher sent word to Mr. Woest that we had just arrived from Ruwi and he rode back to see us. He and his partner were originally from Cape Colony. Some years ago they had come up into

Northwestern Rhodesia, bought cattle of the Barotse, and had been doing a big trading and transport business. With the coming of the railway much of their business at Kalomo had died down. There was also a demand for transport from Benguella to the Tanganyika Concessions, so they entered into a contract with the company and had set forth in December, 1906. In order to reach the section of the country nearest to Kanshanshi and yet west of the fly country, they had had to make a wide detour of about nine hundred miles in order to avoid all sections where they would meet the tsetse fly. The bringing of one thousand head of cattle, most of them milch animals, and nine wagons through unbroken country was a difficult and heroic undertaking. At Nankandundu they had parted company, Mr. King taking seven wagons to the coast, for loads bound for Ruwi, and Mr. Woest proceeding with two wagons and the main herd to locate in Northwestern Rhodesia, as near to Kanshanshi as the fly would allow. In over seven months' trekking through the unknown they had lost but about sixty animals from lions and sickness, most of these being young.

We had a most enjoyable visit at Kalene, and left there the Fourth of July much refreshed. At first we had been rather depressed by the news

given us of the Bachiokwe country, through which we felt we ought to pass. Our friends considered that the undertaking was most hazardous, if not utterly impossible. The Schindlers had come through there once from Malange at a time when war prevented their coming by the regular caravan route from Benguella, but as their carriers wanted to get to their own homes in the interior, they brought the party through. It was considered almost a certainty that if we made the attempt to go through, our carriers would desert us and we would all run the risk of being pillaged and killed. In fact, we were strongly advised to keep to the old slave-route to Bihé, which is now perfectly safe, and to let the Bachiokwe alone. Under the same circumstances we should give the same advice. It was the most reasonable thing to do. Nevertheless we felt more than ever, after our evening prayers that night, that we should go through the Bachiokwe country and come out, we and our carriers, in safety.

As I had brought eleven men from Ruwi, I sent them back, and now found myself in need of other carriers. The doctor had sent out to the nearest village for them, but at nine o'clock that morning I was still four men short. This delay

was very perplexing, but was most unexpectedly solved. Suddenly we saw the familiar face of a white man whom we had left at Broken Hill, a young man by the name of Kendall. The pleasure of meeting was mutual. He had left Broken Hill two weeks after us and had come by the shortest and most direct route, right through the heart of the Wakaonda country. He and two other white men were taking 120 natives over to work on the Benguella Railway.

He informed me that he was a day's march in advance of his party and that they were going so light they would soon overtake us on the trail. So I left four loads for them to take on to Nanakandundu, and we left.

The next day at noon Mr. Kendall again overtook us and went with us for a few miles. He ate lunch with us and asked all about our route. We told him of our intention of going through that Bachiokwe country, and he said, "I do n't know but what I 'll go through to Angola with you." As this involved many questions, we made it a serious matter of prayer for the next few days.

Once more we crossed the Zambesi, now about a hundred miles from the source. Here it was a broad, beautiful river, over which we were ferried in canoes. And from now on, for several hundred

miles, we had practically flat, swampy or sandy country all the way.

As we stopped for lunch the day we reached Nanakandundu, we saw a sight never to be forgotten. There was no running water on that vlej, but water could be found only a few inches from the surface almost anywhere. So the vlej was dotted with numerous holes from one to two feet deep, into which the water seeped and from which the kraal was supplied.

As we sat there, under the scanty shade of a scrubby tree, an old woman came down with a small jar to get water. She was blind and a walking skeleton, her only clothing being an infinitesimal scrid of cloth worn in front. It was the most painful sight to see that poor old soul groping her way to get the needed drop of water with which to cook her own scanty meal, her emaciated condition being due, no doubt, to neglect and starvation. But what most impressed me was that her miserable condition elicited not one word of sympathy from the natives, but rather ridicule. The spirit that old people have no right to live is heathen to the core and flourishes its best on heathen soil.

During the week Kendall's party and ours had several times passed and repassed each other, so we arrived at Mr. Schindler's mission station on the

same day. And here we made the final arrangements to go from there on together. I was to have a certain number of his boys to carry for me. I wanted sixteen, but when we came to start some of his had bolted and joined the main party, and I was only able to get ten for myself, while he had to have seven for himself. The whole caravan which left Nanakandundu was but thirty.

On all our journey we had an unusually small caravan. There were three whites of us, and eight of the men belonged to Mrs. Springer's machilla, and was only half a team at that. We were told in the Concessions that a solitary prospector going out for only a couple of weeks would take along forty or fifty carriers. Had I been going alone, I could have done with twenty, but each white person adds to the amount of luggage and food supplies needed on the way.

Our caravan was now too small by four men and caused no little inconvenience for over a week, for we had to try and get other carriers along the road, and with little success.

On arriving at Kavungu we were met by Mr. Arnot, who was just setting out to keep an engagement for Bible reading with some Portuguese traders. Through the influence of the missionaries and the reading of the Bible one of these traders

had been converted, and he had been interesting the two or three other traders thereabouts. These men had never had the Scriptures before, and to them they were a mine of wonders.

These missions were started by Mr. Arnot. He was a schoolmate of Livingstone's children in Scotland. Through them he became keenly interested in Africa, and especially in the Katanga country mentioned in Livingstone's letters. He felt called to devote his life to opening up that section to the Gospel.

In 1881 he sailed for Africa. He landed at Port Elizabeth and tried to get to the Katanga country that way, but only reached Basutoland, where King Lewanika absolutely refused to let him go farther north "to teach his dogs."

However, he went northwest to Benguella, on the west coast, and from there made his way eastward through Bihé and Nanakandundu to Nkoni Hill. It took him just three years from the time he left England to arrive at his destined point. He remained in the Garenganze country a year, and then returned to Benguella to meet reinforcements, and while there he heard that Bishop Taylor and his party had landed at Loanda, 250 miles north, to start a chain of missions inland from that point.

After about twenty years on the field, during which time several excellent stations had been opened and established, he was, while home in England, chosen to succeed George Müller at his death. However, he did not feel himself called to that particular work and had returned to Africa to visit the stations he had founded. Recent news states that, on account of health, he had to leave Central Africa again at the close of 1907.

Our stay at this mission was much too short, but necessarily so. We enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Schindler to the full. They spared no pains to do all in their power for us, as indeed they do for all the way-worn travelers who come to that far-inland post.

There lay ahead of us some six hundred miles of wild country and savage peoples, with no other white station of any kind until we should reach Malange. The Schindlers had once come through that way, with no little danger to themselves, but they agreed with us that if God had called us to go He would take us through in safety.

We left this very last outpost of friends on July 12th. Mr. Arnot went a little way with us, and then, after commending us to the care and protection of our Heavenly Father, went back, and we turned our faces westward again.

Our four Valovale secured at the mission were to act as guides the five days they were with us. Their idea of traveling is to make ten miles a day, or less, and then stop. So the second day they assured us that we would have to stop at a certain kraal, as there was no water ahead. Now, our time was precious, our provisions few, and it was absolutely necessary that we should average close on to twenty miles a day every day except Sunday. So we positively refused to stop at near noon, and our other carriers laughed derisively at the tale of no water ahead. It is one of the most threadbare excuses of guides along the way.

So we went on and, two miles farther, came to one of the nastiest bogs we had to cross on the whole journey. Our carriers had their jokes on the Valovale, and we joined in, but we realized that if we had been obliged to depend on Valovale men alone it would have meant serious business. In fact, I doubt if we could have got them through at all.

I could not trust these men at all, and from this time on I had to stay right at the head of the caravan, with a compass constantly at hand, and choose the paths even when I had guides. None of them could be trusted wholly. The caravan had to be entirely reorganized. I had to have my

faithful Angoni Capitao with me at the head of the caravan, and another trusty man to bring up the rear. It was no easy task, and grew increasingly difficult as the days went by, to get information and food from the villages through which we passed. A map of Mr. Constable's, which was given me at Kambove, was helpful for a couple of weeks in securing information.

The country was now as flat as a pancake and either deep sand or deep swamp. At Sambasamba's kraal we found the chief holding court, having a woman on trial. This was the fourth day for our Valovale men, but as they had only intended making ten miles a day they were sullen and stubborn, insisting that they did not know the way any farther and should be paid off and allowed to return.

I told them that the understanding had been that they were to cross the Lutemwa River with us, and across the Lutemwa they should go. But we needed a guide to take us through the bad swamps, of which we were having three or more a day. So I asked Sambasamba to give me one. He ordered a young man to go with us, but the youth flatly refused to go. The other head men, wishing to be rid of us and go on with the trial, joined the chief, but it was nearly an hour before we could, all of us combined, get the youth started, and even then he was not in good humor.

NATIVE DECORATIONS AND PAINTINGS. SJAMBOK.

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This was the first time I had ever seen such disregard for the word of a chief. Usually a young man, when told to do a thing by his chief, will obey promptly. But all along here we found this same spirit of surly disregard of tribal authority.

While waiting for the guide we found some excellent specimens of native decoration on the wall of a hut and took a photograph of them. We had left the round huts of Central Africa, and found the square ones which prevail toward the west coast. Although we had this guide, we got on the wrong trail, and when we had gone into the swamp about a quarter of a mile the natives from the nearest kraal shouted out that by that route we could never get over, as the water was too deep at the river. This made long delays. I went back to investigate the meaning of the shouting, and had to call them all back and cross the river by another path. We had about two miles of wading in foul mud and swamp that day. And although we had several swamps and marshy places ahead of us, yet the badly swampy country which we had had almost from the last crossing of the Zambesi was over, and we were now to have sand instead for steady traveling.

For a day or two we had also been interested

in the native graveyards all along the trail. Each grave was surrounded by a roofed-over fence and decorated with white cloth flags tied on poles in the center. These fences are not very secure, and we saw one place where the voracious hyena had dug down to the body to have a horrible feast.

The personal appearance of the natives, their villages, their habits, their customs and country, was different in every way from those of any part of Rhodesia. For looseness of morals the Valovale are hard to excel. We were told that many of the men encourage their wives to immorality. If a caravan comes in their vicinity they will send their wives out to it, and then come in angrily demanding heavy fines off the victims. And such loose lives mean that the whole moral nature of the tribe is one of the lowest. Lying, thieving, slave-dealing, and all other forms of dishonesty prevail among them. Physically they are large and well built, but the women are not prolific as in most of the tribes, and the absence of little children in the villages was notable.

When the slave trade is finally killed, as it is bound to be in spite of its tenacity, the Valovale must either become converted and leave their present mode of life or they will die out of their own excesses.

On reaching Chisonga, the first kraal on the west side of the Lutembwe, our guide positively refused to go a step further. So did the other four men, although they had agreed to go with us to the next kraal and were paid for it. We had only gone nine miles, and tried our best to get on. Never a bit of it. The men had done four days' work in succession, and they wanted a rest and were bound to have it. Under the circumstances, we had to camp.

The reason why Chisonga's men refused to go on with us that day was that they saw in us an opportunity for a brisk trade. As soon as we had camped they came with potatoes and beans in large quantities, and limited amounts of meal. One of them brought out a steamer chair, which I bought. It was home-made, of native mahogany, not badly carved, and an excellent imitation of a steamer chair. All along here we were offered small stools, and bought two or three. They were made of a neatly carved framework about a foot high, over which was stretched dressed leather.

Chisonga and his men were remarkable for two things. First, they were unusually short of stature; and, secondly, they wore their hair in a most elaborate copy of the "waterfall" of thirty years

ago. Their imitation of the corkscrew curls was accomplished by a generous use of grease and black clay.

When I went for my promised guide in the morning, the smallest man in the lot was given to me. As it was necessary for him to carry a seventy-pound load, I was dismayed. But when he transferred the whole load to the head of his little son, who did not look to be more than ten years old, and he himself set off loadless as our guide, I interfered. I made him carry fifteen pounds himself, but in spite of me the youngster had to carry the rest for twelve miles that day.

This shows another difference from what we were used to previously. We had reached the country where men are trained for the trail and who refuse to do any other work. These Valovale will carry loads—now, though they did not do that much when the missionary first arrived—and the time will come when they will learn that other work must be done by freemen also. But as long as they can own slaves and women they will not do it.

Our path this day took us through an almost endless succession of kraals. We passed from one cassava field into another. We were just north of Lake Dilolo, in a flat country of white sand, and

we must have passed at least twenty kraals and saw many more to one side.

We were getting used to the cassava meal now, having had more or less of it for three weeks. The natives here raise little or no millet or corn. A few sweet potatoes and beans and the castor oil plant are their chief products. They are very fond of the castor oil, which they use for anointing their bodies and dressing their hair.

After gathering the oil beans they roast them, pound them to powder in a mortar, and then boil the meal, skimming off the oil. They have produced such large quantities of castor oil that the missionaries use it in their lamps, which purpose it answers very nicely—that is, in the student-lamp style.

The cassava meal is prepared thus: The root is dug from the ground when it is about the size of a large sweet potato. The bitter cassava is mostly cultivated. The bitterness is caused by the presence of prussic acid, so that, if the root is eaten raw, a case of serious poisoning often follows. To get rid of this, the root is soaked for about ten days. It is much better, according to Occidental taste, when soaked in a clear stream of running water. But evidently the native differs in his opinion, and so the women hunt up some sluggish

spring, some stagnant pool, or swampy mud-hole, in which to soak and, incidentally, flavor the precious root.

When it is soaked soft, or, as a heartless European would put it, "rotten," the women wade into these holes. We saw them frequently standing in the mud and water nearly up to their waists, while the odor from these mud-holes reminded me of the familiar pig-sty smells of my boyhood days. The women take the root out, peel it then and there, and place it in baskets, which they carry on their heads back to the kraals. Here the root is placed on the roof to dry, after which it is pounded and sifted and pounded again until it becomes flour. When cooked it resembles thick, minute pudding, but has the color and a bit of the consistency of India rubber, and a decidedly sour taste. When we first came to this our carriers made a great fuss and declared they could not eat it. But when they found we were eating it they subsided.

And we did eat it, and were glad of the chance. Nevertheless, when we reached Malange and were able to get other food, I do not recall that any of us regretted leaving the "fungi" behind. It *is* nutritious; and having said that, there is little more to say.

Once more we were nearing the water-shed. We

camped near Chawo's kraal, and in reply to my messenger Chawo sent back word that he did not intend to come out to see the white man. Later on he thought better of it and came down with a number of his people, bringing a present of meal and a tiny fowl.

I arranged with him for a guide the next day and for three carriers. To my surprise ten young bucks, all done up in castor oil and red ochre, appeared. Kendall took on the others. The chief made me promise that I would not strike one of the men before he let them go. To them a blow is the brand of slavery, and they are mortally afraid of it.

We moved on at a most cheering pace for six miles, when we came to a kraal and a dead stop. The new men said they wanted water, so all hands went to a clump of trees and drank from a spring. Then they told me that the chief had instructed them to sleep there that night, as the next water was far, far ahead. It was like the old cry of wolf, and I did not believe them; but this time they were right.

However, I could not stop there, and so I insisted and persisted until I finally got them to shoulder their loads and go on. We were now on

the water-shed again, crossing it for the third and last time.

We were also on a treeless plain, which is known as the Kifumagi Flats. When we had made five miles more and noon time came, we looked in vain for a tree, which should be the sign of water.

At length we came to a hole about two feet deep, in which was some rather dubious-looking water, but hard travel does away with over-fastidiousness, and we were glad for what water we could get while we had our simple lunch. I had never before in my travels in Africa seen a country like this. It reminded me very forcibly of the Dakota prairies when we first moved to them in the eighties. There was the same mirage effect and the same haze.

The sun beat down pitilessly that day, and we all suffered greatly from thirst. We found one other water-hole before night, but the water was so muddy that we left it to our carriers, who drained it eagerly to the very bottom.

Then we caught a glimpse of trees ahead, at the sight of which our boys burst into singing. But we found ourselves under that same illusion as to distances that we had been familiar with in Dakota. The trees meant water, but we had several weary miles before we reached it.

When we had stopped at the little stream in the morning we drank from one of the contributors to the Zambesi, and when, just about sunset, we reached another living stream, it was one of the tributaries of the Kassai, which empties into the Congo.

Just a few rods before reaching these springs of the Katala River we crossed the wagon track between Benguela and Ruwi. Despite the fact that no wagon had passed that way for weeks, the very sight of wheel tracks gave us a delightful sensation of companionship in strong contrast to the feeling of strangeness that comes from weeks among a savage and inhospitable people.

In two or three years the railroad will be laid on or near this wagon track, which follows the almost level water-shed for hundreds of miles. Railroad construction will be an easy matter along this water-shed, where it has been estimated that there are about 450 miles in one stretch where there will be no need of a bridge or culvert.

An amusing incident occurred as we reached the water that day. Our thirsty carriers dropped their loads and not only began to drink, but plunged into the springs, dashing water all over their bodies. The most fastidious of the two white men with us, forgetting in his severe thirst that

the stream was flowing north, went a little distance beyond them and, not being able to wait for his drinking-cup to arrive, took a gourd from one of his men, carefully washed it, and then drank to his heart's content of the cool waters.

As soon as his burning thirst was allayed he looked around and discovered a dozen carriers bathing in the stream just above him. At another time he would have been furiously indignant, but this time the humor of his carefully-washed gourd appealed to his risibles. The fact was, he said, he had never tasted such good water in all his life, even if the natives had bathed in it.

That night the Chawo carriers complained a good deal about their backs, and we wondered if they would go on. We had done in one day what they had planned to do in two. But the next morning, although they were a bit slow about cooking and eating their breakfast, they shouldered their loads and started. Four miles on, however, they wanted to stop for the day. I got them to go on for another mile. We had just crossed a small stream, when they laid down their loads and absolutely refused to proceed further. Talking and promises were of no avail; they would n't budge, and there was no getting them further, so I had to rearrange loads, take machilla men, and get on to the next

kraal, three miles away, as best I could. Here I was able to get three men to go on with us.

At noon one of these new men insisted that there was no water ahead, and I learned later that that was true as regards the direct trail. But I had heard that excuse so often I was skeptical, so I made him take us along. He soon turned off the direct trail and took us to a group of kraals, where we had a good camp for Sunday and were able to get a fair amount of food.

For three more days we traveled on the south side of the Kassai River, not being more than ten miles distant from it at any time. I understand from the maps and the natives that the Kassai parallels the water-shed for about three hundred miles or more, and in all that distance is never far from it.

It is fed by a number of springs which rise on the edge of the Kifumagi Flats, but its greatest supply comes from the higher lands on the north side.

On the night of the 23d of July we camped at the kraal of Chilalo and the next morning crossed the Kassai at the famous Muwewe, an outcrop of solid rock through which the river has worn a narrow channel about ten feet wide. The natives

had thrown a lot of poles across, thus making a bridge, over which our caravan safely crossed.

There are no falls here that we could see, but there are considerable rapids above and below Muwewe. The river takes an easterly course for about two hundred miles below Muwewe, and then bends abruptly to the north, where it flows through the heart of the Lunda country.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG THE BACHIOKWE.

We were now but a day's march from the dreaded and dreadful Bachiokwe. From the days of Livingstone, who had so much trouble with them, this tribe has earned and maintained a thoroughly bad name. They gave Livingstone more trouble than any other tribe through which he passed. Every chief tried to rob him, and in one case he and his little band were surrounded, and it was evident that murder and plunder was the object. For hours Livingstone sat with his double-barrelled gun across his knees, ready for action if absolutely necessary. Once he did have to point the gun at a native. But after he had been fairly robbed by fines, he and his men managed to get away without bloodshed.

But every chief held him up in the same way, so that it is with satisfaction that we find one instance where Livingstone's party got the best of these villainous savages. He says: "One of the oxen we offered the Chiboque [as he calls them]

had been rejected because he had lost part of his tail, as they thought it had been cut off and some medicine inserted; and some mirth was excited by my proposing to raise similar objections to all the oxen we still had in our possession. The remaining four soon presented a singular shortness in their caudal extremities, and though no one ever asked if they had medicine in the stumps or no, we were no more troubled by the demand for an ox."

So from the time we reached Broken Hill and mentioned going through the Bachiokwe country, we had been warned against it. To be sure, Mr. Schindler had come from Malange by that route, but he found it almost impossible to get food, and his party was met with open hostility. At the best, he had "to buy his way through." As we had nothing to pay, this mode was impossible. We did not have oxen, like Livingstone, nor a large stock of cloth, like Schindler. Another reason why we were warned was that Mr. Boyd-Cunningham had been killed by them in 1905, and no punishment had been meted out to them for the murder, by the Portuguese. But as they have never yet been subdued by the Portuguese, such a punishment would have been impossible. Nevertheless it was true that the murder of one white man did not add to the safety of another.

When we had arrived at Malange we were told a story about a former "Governor of the Lunda Country," which is the title still enjoyed by a man whose residence is at Malange and who has never been among either the Balunda nor the Bachiokwe. This former governor really had an ambition to be a governor indeed, and so made a journey into the Bachiokwe country. He was "warmly" received. When he sat dawn to his sumptuous repast the Bachiokwe gathered around him and with openly insulting insolence snatched the food from his table and ate it themselves. It was clear to him at once that his official residence had better be kept in Malange and the fierce Bachiokwe should not be forced into paying taxes. However, as most of the Portuguese officials are in Angola to recruit their fortunes, they have found this very Bachiokwe country yielding great profits through its rubber and slave trade. Though they may not go there themselves, they send their native emissaries to buy the rubber and slaves for them.

It should be stated that the laws and the general public opinion of Portugal are strictly against slavery and the oppression of the natives.

However, capital punishment is not administered in Portugal, the convicts being deported to the Colonies, particularly to Angola. Thus it comes

to pass that when the terms of many of these convicts are finished, some go into business as traders and others are not infrequently given official positions in the government.

Thus Portugal has the misfortune of being most commonly represented in Africa by ex-criminals, who do not scruple to engage in the slave trade nor to defraud and prey upon the natives in every way that greed and lust might suggest.

While slavery is illegal, those so disposed find a way to circumvent the laws and carry on an actual slave traffic under the regulations relating to "indentured laborers," aided in many instances by officials who doubtless share in the profits.

Though often denied, that such a traffic in human beings does actually exist at the present day was frankly admitted to me by a most estimable Portuguese gentleman who had been governor of one of the Portuguese colonies in Africa and who had traveled extensively in Angola. He spoke of it with deep regret and expressed the hope that the opening up of Africa at large would destroy the slave trade and put Angola on a sound business footing like the British possessions.

The planters make no bones of having slaves, and in fact traders and other individuals speak freely of their slaves.

The "indentured laborer" theory certainly needs investigation when the victims have to be brought from the interior bound with the heavy logs and chains, as we frequently saw them on our journey.

After crossing the Kassai we had but one day's march along sandy trails in a sparsely settled country before we came to the Bachiokwe. We had not been able to get any Balovale men to go with us as guides, there being no more fellowship between the two tribes than between the Jews and the Samaritans. The Balovale were not risking their necks to the Bachiokwe slave yoke.

Nor were we able to get the Bachiokwe themselves to act as guides. For this tribe, although large and powerful, does not owe allegiance to any one chief, but each little district has its own chief and is a law unto itself. During the three weeks that we were passing through the Bachiokwe country I was able to get guides for only two days.

It was, therefore, with serious minds that we found ourselves approaching the territory of this hostile and independent tribe. Taking my compass, I proceeded in a general westerly direction. We had camped that night in a rubber forest, beside a little stream of clear, cold water. Nearby was a kraal whose people were friendly and

brought us plenty of food to buy. When we awoke in the morning, the vlej through which this stream runs was all white with hoar frost—an almost daily experience with us in the Bachiokwe country.

We had learned that the next village we found would be Bachiokwe. It was a new experience. Heretofore we had either known that the natives were friendly or had been blissfully ignorant of what they might be. Now we were well aware of the desperate character the people ahead bore, and although we did not for a minute doubt that we should go through in safety, it could not be otherwise than that silence fell upon us.

After about three miles, as we came to an open vlej, we saw cattle grazing, and just beyond them fantastically dressed men uttering peculiar cries to frighten us. At that moment Mrs. Springer was more afraid of a particularly inquisitive cow than of the fiercest band of savages, and my attention had to be given to the wondering cattle. For, though these seemed tame, some of the native cattle are belligerent enough.

As we drew near to the men, they hesitated, half in curiosity and half in defiance, still uttering their shrill cries. There were three of them, clad in long, grass-fringed belts, hideous masks and

headgear, their bodies smeared with grease and red ochre, and their footprints showed that they had some kind of rubber soles on their feet. They had bells, which they jingled in accompaniment to their cries, and it was evident that they intended to fill us with terror. But the distant sound of a drum was more formidable. The apparition of the witch-doctors and the sound of the drum signified that a devil dance was on hand, the depth of wickedness of which is beyond description.

A fourth witch-doctor had started to cross the vlej, when a young man ran out and shouted desperately for him to stop. This he did, much to our regret, as we would have liked a closer view of his costume. But, although he was a long way off, we could see that his hat (if such it might be called) resembled a boat, on the top of which was a large white disk.

It was with a sense of relief that, having passed this group of villages, we heard the sounds of the drum dying in the distance. The country was more broken now, and our general trail paralleled the Kassai, which wound in and out between two ranges of low hills.

As we passed through the kraals I would ask, "Which is the path to Malange?" For the most part the question was met with sullen silence, as if

it had not been heard at all. In one of the several kraals a man sprang up and led us out onto the right path, and was very courteous, but the most of them would do nothing.

It is not so hard to travel by the compass, once you get started aright from a kraal, but at each kraal there are so many garden paths, water paths, and all sorts of paths which have only a local value, that it is very hard to know which way to go out of a village.

During the day we made twenty-two miles and must have passed some twenty kraals, most of them being Bachiokwe, or, as the people in the southern half of their country call themselves, Bachioko.

The next day, Saturday, was a sharp contrast to this. Instead of following the river we went away from it and spent nearly the whole day in parched, empty country. The very forests had been burned, and presented a charred, inhospitable, funereal aspect for long, weary miles. During the day we came to only three kraals, and the men in them refused to act as guides and would hardly show us the path out.

More than once we got on the wrong trail, as we judged from the compass, and once had to march a ways over the blackened veld. Our throats were parched with thirst. About noon the sun was

powerful, and still we had to march wearily on through this desolate wilderness with only deserted and burned kraals to mark what had been a lively community last year. It may have been some slave raid that had done this work. We could not learn from the natives.

It was Saturday, and two things we must have: food and water. At last we halted near signs of human habitation, while I started out with my capitao, determined in desperation to camp near water if I could find it, and then move on again on the morrow if no kraal was within reach. The whole caravan was done out. For nothing will use up a caravan quicker than to be short of water. They can go without food, but not without water.

Fortunately we soon found an old man, who led us to a good camping-place on the banks of a steep ravine. He made us understand that his kraal was not far away and that we could get food. So I returned to the others, who were sitting around dejectedly on stumps and logs, and we all thanked God and took courage.

Our Sunday services were rather unique and not most satisfactory. We sang hymns in five different languages, including English, and had prayer in three. When it came to preaching it took three or four different interpreters, and I con-

fess I have my doubts about the clearness of the message as it passed through so many mouths. Here and all through the Bachiokwe tribe I made it my great point to get them to clearly understand, though often with difficulty, that we were missionaries, and not slavers. This was made easier by the fact that nearly everywhere I would find some one who either knew of or who knew some one else who had known one of our missionaries at Malange or Quionga.

In the days of Bishop Taylor, when our missionaries used to trade extensively for wax and rubber, they were widely known among these interior tribes for their honest dealings and because they did not deal in rum. The native from the far interior liked to go where he could be sure of getting a good price for his bees-wax and rubber and where he could get a goodly quantity of barter to carry back instead of a howling drunk and a sore head.

One reason for our friendly reception here by this kraal was that one of the men had once known a missionary, and therefore vouched for it that we were all right. So fearless were they that one man offered to become our guide the next day, and it was a day when we needed a guide badly; another man offered to go also and carry a load.

Monday night we camped near a kraal where preparations were going on for a big dance. The people were all hideous in red and white paint, with fantastic head-dress, and very little other dress. They would not come to our camp with food, and so I had to go to them. The chief was very sour and surly. He would give me no present, but kept bringing out bits of meal in his hands, for which he wanted a big price in beads. His people, too, were very independent, evidently selling only just to be rid of us, so that the dance could begin.

As the yelling and howling reached our ears we felt a bit uneasy. It would be an easy matter for a drunken crowd like that to wipe out a little band like ours. It was a noteworthy fact that our guide and his companion did not go up to the kraal at all, but camped with our men. Once during the first part of the night the singing grew plainer and we feared a visitation, but the noise quieted down again and we were left in peace.

In the morning the two men said they had done two days' work and wanted pay for it, so I had to pay them and let them go. The first man had required his pay for a day in advance before we started out. This is characteristic of the Bachiokwe. They trust no man, whether friend or foe, of their own tribe or another. At least this

is the impression they give a stranger passing through. They go about armed, and even in the kraals we noticed the men kept their guns within easy reach. There must be a reason for such an atmosphere of constant distrust and suspicion, and there is: it is to be found in the still-existing, hydra-headed slave trade.

The rest of the week was about the same story of steep climbs and descents, miles of travel through beautiful rubber forests, crossing vigorous streams of fine, cold water, and struggling to get enough for our boys to eat each night. It was a constant effort now to do this. Indeed, we found that we must not depend on any one kraal, and much time was spent daily in trying to buy at each village through which we passed. Now and then I could give my carriers a decent meal, but oftener they had short rations.

Our own food was scarce and we had to share with our boys in going hungry and in eating the sour cassava meal mush, which was the only thing we could get in this country. The nights were biting cold and the days hot, so, take it all in all, we were not in the most cheerful mood. During the week we crossed the Kwangu River about twenty-five miles above the falls, and so mountainous is that section that we had to cross the river three

times in about two hours, each time on native bridges of poles.

The next Saturday was a very hard day. We got on the wrong trail at a deserted kraal and soon found we were going southwest instead of northwest. The trail then led us to a recently burned kraal, where all traces of a path in our direction were wiped out. After much loss of time I once more started on a very faint old trail through the forest. It was hard for my men to follow me and we got badly scattered and divided.

Hearing a party of hunters in the woods above us, I sent a boy to inquire about the trail, but at the sight of him they abruptly fled and we had no alternative but to keep on until we found a fresh path, which we did after about four miles. This landed us at Kapiya's kraal, where the people lied so outrageously about everything that we could not tell really where we were.

But as it was a large kraal I decided that we would not go farther, but stay here over the Sabbath. The gardens showed that there was food in plenty. We asked them to show us a camping-place and they took us out a little way past a trader's temporary hut, near which was an old Mambunda camp, where I counted more than three hundred huts. I made inquiries about these Mam-

bunda, and they told me they were traders who bought rubber and wax. Did they ever buy slaves? Injured innocence insisted loudly, no. Nevertheless the silent ruins contradicted the assertion. There were the huts, with the place for the slave and the place for the guard who should sleep with him.

After we had made our camp the men began to come down to visit us, and soon a native, elaborately dressed, came and asked if we could speak Portuguese. We soon learned that he was a "Mambunda," that is, a trader and a term which is also applied to a slave trader. This man was an evil-eyed, but an exceedingly suave, oily, polite individual. He made many inquiries about us and then left. In the meantime the head men of the kraal had promised to sell us food, and we felt greatly pleased that we had got where we could have a good feed for our men and a needed Sabbatic rest.

But when I sent to the kraal to buy the food this same trader was there, and it was evident that he was dissuading the men from selling to us. It was, therefore, with the greatest difficulty that we could get enough for supper. However, they said the women had not had time to grind the meal, and we had hoped that here, as in many another

kraal among other tribes, that the women would start grinding at once and we would have plenty for Sunday. But it was not so. The whole atmosphere of the village began to change, and at 10 o'clock Sunday morning we saw that we had to break camp or have our men spend the day in fasting.

This was the second and last time that we had to march on Sunday. In most cases Sunday travel can be avoided, and a caravan which rests one day in seven can make better time and come out in better condition than one which pushes ahead every day. But now and then the inability to reach or to obtain food or water may necessitate Sunday travel. It seemed remarkable to us that in so long a journey, on an unknown route, on only the two occasions we were forced to do this.

The men of the kraal were so anxious to be rid of us for some reason that they sent one of their men to get us started on our trail and to give us lengthy and explicit directions as to how we could reach the main path at the next village on the Kwangu River, near some falls. In fact, they gave us so many directions that we found it difficult to follow them.

When we reached the Kwangu River again it

appeared to be so much smaller than we had expected it to be that we halted to make certain about our course. On seeing a native at the top of the hill on the other side we shouted to him, but on seeing us he immediately disappeared. We sent two of our men—who went very unwillingly and who were careful to take some clubs with them—to find him or others of whom to inquire the way. They were gone nearly an hour, during which time we began to speculate as to whether or not they had been seized and were being held, when they returned with a party of young bucks who belonged to the kraal we were bound for and were now returning from a visit. On promise of compensation they became our guides. They were an impudent lot, and in our trading for the little food we were able to buy at their village they were most exorbitant in their charges.

We were charmed and captivated by the beauty of these falls and the magnificence of the gorge below. The falls consist of two sections (which, however, flow over one brink and in the rainy season mingle their waters: the Kwangu and the Lutela Rivers), the larger being the Kwangu, into which the Lutela flows after their sheer plunge of over two hundred feet, and from there on the waters tumble nosily down together over huge

THE KWANGU FALLS.

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bowlders another one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet to the bottom of the gorge.

We clambered down the nearly precipitous sides of the gorge to the river, and there, amidst a wealth of tropical vegetation, viewed that sublime scene almost in silence.

What a magnificent work of the Great Artist hidden away there with only the native to enjoy it! The average native is not an appreciative lover of the beauties of nature. But we found that the surpassing beauty had even touched the savage hearts around here. And our carriers left their food to see these wonderful works of God and forgot their empty stomachs in their awed admiration.

The fine banana grove, and palms, and ferns on the steep sides of the gorge are quite a contrast to the rest of the country, which is high and subject to severe frosts. The thermometer went down to twenty-seven degrees one morning, and one or two of the nights were so cold that we could hardly sleep.

The next morning we had a very mountainous trail for about six miles, where we took our last view of the Kwangu. It had quieted down into a deep, swift stream which flows northward until, after about six hundred miles, it joins the Kassai, which in turn empties into the Congo.

After crossing the Kwavu, a wide, shallow confluent of the Kwangu between two steep, sandy banks, we came on to a fine tableland, heavily wooded with fine big trees. What a splendid site for an industrial mission! And what a blessing such a place would be as a change for our Angola workers, who are in a less healthy section! There are splendid possibilities for mission work among these high-strung, independent, sullen Bachiokwe. Their hatred of the white man is not altogether unprovoked. They judge him from their knowledge of the worst class of Portuguese traders and officials.

There will likely be a big fight to get missions started in their country. The natives will fear the missionary lest he but make way for the Portuguese Government, and that is a well-grounded fear. Still, with the extension of the Lobito Bay Railway, that country will have to submit to some European power.

But the worst fight will be with the traders, those unprincipled convicts and their class who have dealt in slaves, and rubber, and rum. They will send their emissaries throughout the country disseminating the most atrocious lies, and at first they will probably succeed in turning the people against us. But a good medical man who has

plenty of grace and grit will be able not only to hold his own, but to win out in what is sure to be a long, bitter fight. For we have seen it proved that nothing appeals more to the hearts of the people than to relieve them of their physical sufferings.

Arriving at Kapila's kraal we were happily surprised to find the people more friendly. As the water was far from the kraal we went on about a mile. We had to cross a narrow, swampy vlej, and in so doing, Mugumirani, the oldest and strongest machilla carrier, sunk into the soft, swampy ground so that he fell and had to be rescued, much to the amusement of his fellows.

Near our camp were two new kraals built by natives who had been living off the direct trade routes. They were very friendly and sold us sufficient food so that our men had a good meal that night. I found that whenever we got off the main trail frequented by traders and caravans, the people were much more friendly. But those on the main trails were usually sullen or decidedly cheeky and exorbitant in their charges.

The next day I saw two large antelope, but did not have the fortune to hit them. Game is very scarce all through this territory owing to the fact that the natives have plenty of guns and powder.

Another day's stiff trekking among these mountains brought us late in the afternoon to Kavungu's kraal. Here the chief came out to greet us and all the people were very friendly—almost too much so. He brought out a large basket of meal and a rooster as a present to me. Of course, I had to give back more than the worth of the stuff, but it was the polite thing for him and every chief to do.

The women brought out plenty of meal, but wanted big prices for it. I was, however, getting along very well in the trading when one of my carriers accidentally (?) killed a small fowl belonging to one of the men in the village. My carrier said that he was chopping down a tree for firewood when this fowl popped its head out just in time to get killed. No one believed that, and I was willing to give the owner a goodly amount of cloth in payment.

But at the sight of the cloth his cupidity was aroused and he said it was a wholly inadequate compensation for his loss. I appealed to the chief and he said the amount of cloth was sufficient. That settled the matter as far as I was concerned. Not so with the native. He and some of his fellows had been drinking a very intoxicating beer

made from honey and they were in a quarrelsome mood.

He said that it was not the chicken that he wanted pay for, but that his brother's spirit had been in that fowl and he wanted a fine for the injury done to his brother. I asked the chief if *his* brother's spirit was in the cock he had given me, whereat they all laughed, which only angered the poor fellow. The excitement ran high for awhile. My men were eagerly and vociferously trying to explain our case and the villagers were even more excitedly clamoring for extortionate fines.

Finally I got my men quieted and the kraal men left. It was now quite dark, but soon several women came out from the kraal and went among our men to sell them more meal. I suspected a trap and insisted on all the women leaving at once and not coming out to us again that night, even if we were short of food.

By nine all seemed quiet, so we went to bed, having taken the precaution to have the carriers sleep close to our tent. About midnight I heard a stir among them and was all alert. Soon I heard stealthy steps coming toward the tent, and looking out saw a carrier going off with the two steamer

chairs. I also saw that the fires were blazing brightly and Kendall and Gifford were astir.

Hastily throwing a rug around me I stepped out and went down to where they were. They had been attacked, verily, but by an army of red soldier ants, the most vicious of all their kind, so they had left their respective sleeping places in possession of these doughty little warriors and worried out the rest of the night in chairs around the fire.

I had decided that the next morning we should get off before daylight in order to avoid any further trouble. So by the time the first natives were rubbing their eyes open our caravan was quietly passing through the kraal. I left the fowl and the cloth for its payment under a tree.

After seven miles we came to the next village, and there in its midst sat the man with whom I had had the trouble. On the ground before him lay the cloth and the fowl. Seated around were three or four of the head men. The situation looked a bit serious.

The man began to talk to me, but I interrupted, saying, "We do not want the fowl, so you can do what you like with it. Eat it if you wish; I am willing."

I knew perfectly well that that was not at all

what he wanted. He wished to enlist the sympathies of the others so that I would be compelled to pay nearly all I had of my little remaining stock of cloth.

There was considerable discussion, and I watched the faces narrowly, and continued repeating the same words over and over. At last the humor of the situation struck one of the young men and he laughed. I felt then that I need not fear an attack and, as my caravan had nearly all gathered, I told them to shoulder their loads and march, and they obeyed with an alacrity unusual to them, and we passed on in safety.

These Bachiokwe not only work largely at gathering rubber, but they know how to work iron and do excellent wood carving. One high-backed chair that I saw was quite ingenious. It was about the size of an ordinary kindergarten chair, its high back having three small figures on the top, a man, woman, and, in the center, a child.

But most of the men work, when they do work, at gathering and preparing rubber. The rubber bush, from which they take the roots, is about two or three feet high. They start at the bush and uncover the roots, which run close to the surface, to their ends. These will be sometimes fifteen to twenty feet long.

The root is then cut up into lengths of about a foot and tied into small bundles. In one case that came under our observation the bundle had been soaked in the river. The men then sit around the kraals and pound the wood fiber out of the roots with mallets, which, in some cases, have a rough face, like those implements used for pounding beefsteak.

When the fiber is well pounded out the whole is sifted. Lastly the rubber is put into a cleverly hollowed receptacle which looks like a drum. It must have been made by burning out a log with hot irons. In this the gum is churned and then taken out and formed into what might have easily been mistaken for Frankfurters on a skewer. It is then ready for the market.

A few miles farther on we came to a dense wood with just room to pass along the trail, and then came a drop of about one thousand feet, the most precipitous descent we had ever made.

As we came to Kanekeno's kraal we found another devil dance in progress and deemed it advisable to move on. As Kendall was suffering from quinsy, he and Gifford came up in the rear. Seeing some women at a small stream, they asked which trail we had gone, as my marks on the trail had been obliterated. The women did not un-

derstand and rushed away screaming, and soon the two men were confronted with six natives, who came running after them with guns, supposing the white men had tried to steal their women. Fortunately they were able to convince the belligerents of their innocence, and what might have been a very nasty affair was avoided.

But it was with a sigh of relief that we found ourselves at night on the outskirts of this tribe to meet the Basongo on the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

TO MALANGE.

We were now in the Songo country with its wide flats, and many lakes and ponds. We camped that night of August 9th on Lake Ziba, a charming lakelet north of Lake Chiwondo.

In passing through the Songo villages that day we had found the people greatly alarmed at our approach. Some of the kraals were heavily stockaded, and in one kraal we saw three slaves with their heavy yokes and chains on, ready to be sold or marched off to the market. In another kraal we saw a single man chained to his slave yoke.

But when we camped and the people found that there was a white woman in the caravan, their fears took flight and curiosity bordered on impertinence. The women fairly screamed with delight at every act or move of Mrs. Springer's. And when she took off her helmet to comb her hair their admiration knew no bounds. They danced around her with shrieks and gesticulations

which were all characteristically feminine, even though extremely primitive.

Now we were where we could buy and at fairly reasonable rates. The chief difficulty was that we had parted with nearly all of our trading cloth and had little to buy with. It was new to us to find the natives crowding each other in their efforts to sell.

There were other new features, and one was the women holding dogs, a thing we had never seen before outside of civilization. It is evidently quite the style for the Songo women to carry about pet dogs and baby them much the same as do a certain number of their cultured sisters.

There was a marked contrast between the Basongo and the Bachiokwe in every way. The Songo huts and kraals were slovenly built and uncared for. The people were dirty, frowzly, and physically inferior to the Bachiokwe. They did not manifest the same strength of character as did their surly neighbors. There was no sign of industry among them. There was little or no rubber in their country, their gardens were not large nor well kept, and the grain they brought us in such large quantities was unground. They impressed us as being good-natured, easy-going, and shiftless.

No doubt these conditions are largely due to their contact with the Portuguese and the demoralizing effects of the rum and slave traffic.

For several days the trail was generally either very sandy or swampy. The forests were less frequent and quite sparse. The elevation was constantly decreasing and, as the season was advancing toward the summer, we were experiencing more trying conditions. The hotter weather and lower altitude were rapidly draining our vitality.

Moreover, we were having to make forced marches every day, as our provisions were nearly exhausted and our trading goods likewise. Accordingly, in these last two weeks before reaching Malange, we had to average more than twenty-four miles a day.

On a Saturday a native overtook us on the trail and in reply to our questions assured us that at his village we would find plenty of good water and food, and that it was nearby, just across the vlej. So we followed on after him, mile after mile, until after a twenty-six-mile trek for the day we were almost exhausted and unable to proceed farther; near at hand was a small kraal and some doubtful water.

Seeing a clump of trees near-by on that large, bare flat, we started for them to make our camp,

whereupon the natives began to make a great hubbub and we learned that that was their cemetery. For the rest of the journey we found that the natives had chosen all the best and sometimes the only shady spots for the burial of their dead.

The only other place we could find for a camp was near two very small, scrubby trees. Our beautiful forest camps were all behind us. From this on the camps were all shadeless and the water decidedly bad. At this place firewood was so scarce that we actually had to buy it from the natives. They brought out tiny bundles and asked a big price for them, but we had to pay it or go without. Generally they asked for salt.

Here we met with a true Shylock. The African is notably sharp as a trader, even in the most remote parts of the continent. But four hundred years of dickering with the Portuguese has developed in the neighboring tribes very undesirable traits.

This Shylock was from the village of our guide, three miles farther on. Hearing that we wanted to buy meat, he soon appeared with a sheep, for which he asked double its value. I told him what I would pay and he began the old, familiar haggling. When I refused to enter into that kind of thing and told him exactly what I would pay and

no more, he went off with the sheep. Although friendly and curious, the Songo people, like the Bachiokwe, made us no presents.

We saw our Shylock on Monday morning again. As we came to his kraal there were so many well-trodden paths over the treeless plain that we were compelled to halt and inquire. This old fellow came out and with a sardonic smirk on his face asked me how much I would give him to tell me the way. I told him plainly that I would give him nothing, and turned away in disgust. As our band began to move forward several other men ran out and told us we were wrong, and one of them went a few rods to put us right. I gave him a needle and thread for his trouble.

All that day we were skirting swamps or crossing the deep streams connecting them. In the villages we found abundant evidences of the excessive witchcraft practiced by the people. Fetishes and charms were hung all along the paths and at the entrances to the kraals. We also saw several natives wearing crucifixes, and at one village there was a noisy Catechism class in session. At that same kraal we saw a fine-looking young man sitting with a heavy slave log and chains about his neck not far from this class of Romish devotees.

In the middle of the afternoon we turned from the swamps up on to a ridge and inquired at the next kraal where we could find water and a good place to camp. We were directed on ahead, but it was miles to the next village. Again the only decent place to camp was in a graveyard, so we had to cross a nasty bit of swamp and camp in the open on the other side.

It took us some time to find a place for our camp, that place being determined by the discovery of an old, dead tree which would serve for firewood. In the confusion we forgot to make a mark across the trail to show our men that we had gone no further. A line made with a cane or a small twig, a bunch of green leaves, or even a few newly plucked flowers placed in it, is the native sign that that trail is cut off.

As we had intended at first to camp just beside the path, and later on moved over where the tall grass hid us, we failed to mark the trail, and nearly half our caravan had passed by unnoticed ere we thought of it, and we could not be certain whether they had passed on or had taken another path some distance back.

We sent out the carriers who had arrived when we did, and they hunted and halloed in vain. So

we settled down to the inevitable and began taking account of stock.

Benjamin, the Angoni, and the machilla men were with us. All our cooking utensils, dishes, all the boxes of food but one, the larger tent, and half the blankets were missing. We had at hand a bag of cassava meal, a few tins of sardines, a tin of jam, and one of cheese.

The Angoni cooking-pot was the only one in camp, so I told Benjamin to get it as soon as the Angoni had finished with it, and cook our supper in it. To be sure, the pot had not been washed since we started on the trail, to our knowledge, nor was it possible for Benjamin to clean it with the scant water at hand. But hunger overcomes fastidiousness, and when at last our supper was served up in the wash-basin, not one of us hesitated. The humor of that anything but appetizing-looking mass so served appealed to us and helped our digestion. Pulling out our jack-knives, we lubricated chunks of the mush with sardine oil or jam, and swallowed it down. Though none of us had been any too fond of the stuff before, after that night even the bravest of us faltered at the sight and smell of it.

Dividing up the few blankets, we rolled up in them without undressing and spent a cold, un-

comfortable night. One amusing part of it was that the next morning we found that our lost carriers, after a long hunt for us, had come back to within half a mile and had camped close beside a spring of water. In their reconnoitering, however, they had learned from some natives that there was a Portuguese store not far away. This information changed our whole line of travel, and instead of by-paths we followed a line of trading-places clear through to Malange.

In most cases these stores were kept by half-castes, although a few of them were in charge of Portuguese men, whose native wives and yellow children were always in evidence. The stores contained some cloth of very poor quality, other general trading goods in small quantity, and inevitably rum, guns, and powder, the rum being the chief article and the most profitable for the trader. It was sold in glasses, the smallest measureful being worth about a penny.

I tried in vain at these stores to buy flour, tea, milk, or European provisions of any sort. Even the Portuguese seemed to live on native food entirely, so that they neither had anything in their stores nor in their larders to let us have.

Every day we met carriers on the trail loaded with rum and cloth for the traders. All along the

trail now were graveyards and rum shops, the one truly the complement of the other, the graveyards being greatly in the majority. Livingstone mentions the gruesome custom of these natives to bury close to the paths and roads, and states that at the time of his visit to the country the Portuguese Government was taking strict measures to stop the practice. It is quite evident that it did not succeed.

As to the rum traffic, most of the European nations have united in an agreement not to permit the sale of liquor to the aborigines, but Portugal had not joined it until recently, and an edict has gone forth that in ten years' time all such rum-selling must be stopped.

We were now on a high ridge, with low, swampy lands on both sides. This ridge had been well chosen, from the standpoint of healthful location, for this line of trading-stations, but it seemed a great pity to have it given over so completely to the rum and slave traffic, and not a mission station along its entire length.

Our whole caravan was in dire straits. We could not get enough food for the men, as the season was advancing and the natives had little for themselves. We had used up nearly all our European provisions, so that we, too, had to eat

about the same food as our carriers, and share their hunger. The water all along was incredibly bad. Of a dark-gray color, opaque, frequently taken from mud-holes where the cattle had waded, it was most nauseating, and the wonder is that we did not all come down with violent diarrhea or typhoid, but strange to say, it apparently did us no harm. Our shoes were worn through, our feet all blistered, our clothes in tatters.

We had for weeks now risen by 4 A. M. and were on the trail by the first streak of day. At the last we had to travel all day long, some days making as high as twenty-eight miles. Our joints were sore as well as our feet, and as we made that "home run" we had to use up nearly the last ounce of surplus energy in our bodies.

One day two men passed us with a coarse hammock between them. I suspected its contents, and so passed by on the other side. Kendall was more curious. He stopped the men and lifted the cover to peer into the machilla, where he found the horrible, swelled, distorted corpse of a smallpox victim. He refrained from further examination of other burdens met along the way.

Near Malange we met two natives in the road. They had a yard or so of calico thrown over their heads, but even from the other side of the road

we could see that they were all broken out with smallpox.

Of Quesole we had known nothing, so imagine our astonishment when, ten miles east of Malange, we came to a pretty little town with a genuine street and bonafide stores, orange groves, rubber groves, and a hospital where three beautiful half-caste nurses were dressed in the height of European fashion.

Here, too, the parable of the Good Samaritan was issued in a revised edition in the person of a Jewish trader, a Mr. Jacob Amzalak, who insisted on taking us into his well-appointed dining-room and giving us a beefsteak "breakfast," although it was past the noon hour. For the Portuguese eat but twice a day, and the first meal is from ten to eleven. He also gave our men food for the first full, satisfactory meal for weeks.

After that gracious hospitality we went on our way to Malange with rejoicing. No doubt we were a pretty hard-looking crowd in our way-worn khaki clothes, coatless, with sleeves rolled to the elbows, displaying brown, brawny arms, while most of the Portuguese we met were dressed spick and span in black suits, without a hint of the tropics about them.

We must have looked like desperate characters,

for some natives who were in town shopping carried the news to their homes, twenty-five miles away, that three Englishmen had arrived, with their sleeves rolled up and armed with rifles, and probably were going to seize Angola from the Portuguese.

Malange at last! The long, long trail through the wilderness lay behind us! We had reached our most advanced post of missions from Loanda and were greeted by Mr. Wm. Miller, from Baltimore, a German, who has been out there in our mission for nearly twenty years without a furlough which he positively refuses to take, as he has good health and feels that the work needs him.

Malange at last! Malange with its large, white governor's mansion, its wide streets, its squads of native soldiers, who drill in the most go-as-you-please manner, its gaily clad natives, many showing the effects of rum and all of them familiar and impudent, the effects of contact with theoretical civilization.

Malange and food, shelter, friends at last! We could hardly realize it. This town is three hundred and fifty miles from the coast, and is the farthest inland station of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Angola. Not expecting us, Brother Miller's supper of native honey and that sour mush on which

we had had to exist for weeks was on the table. Next door was a Portuguese restaurant, and it did not take us long to decide in favor of the restaurant, where we could not only have a fine European meal, but have the satisfaction of feeling that we were really alive and among *people* again.

There was the unutterable relief that the long strain was over. To be sure, we had yet a few days of hard tramping ahead of us, but that was varied daily by groups of friends to greet and welcome us at the various stations we visited.

Malange at last! Why, if we had had the money to spare (which we did not) we could have sent a cable from Malange that night to our friends at home. It is only fair to admit that the telegraph service in Angola has not reached perfection yet, and one might walk from Malange to Loanda and then get there ahead of the telegram, quite likely. Still the sight of those magic wires was thrilling after so many weeks in the wilds.

CHAPTER XII.

RETROSPECT.

The next day we accompanied Brother Miller out seven miles, to Quessua. On our arrival we were most delightfully greeted with the old Northwestern University yell, given by Rev. Charles S. Schreiber, in charge of the Mission, and two other college friends, Brothers Kipp and Harris, from Quiongua and Pungo Andongo, who were making a tour of the out-stations and had reached Quessua the day before, about the time that we reached Malange.

Quessua is an ideal site for an industrial mission. It is about six miles from Malange, located at the foot of a high mountain, healthful and beautiful. The soil is rich and can easily be irrigated from a stream fed by several springs of crystal water which gush out of the mountain.

On one side of the mountain stream is the boys' school, and on the other side, up nearer to the mountain, is the school of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, under the care of Miss Susan

Collins and Miss Martha Drummer. The enrollment in the girls' school at the time of our visit was twenty-four, but has increased considerably since.

The railroad from Loanda will reach Malange in 1909, and will greatly enhance the value of Quessua as the site of a central training institution.

We visited the out-station at Nenzele, which is under the care of John Webba and his wife, Miriam, natives of the Congo, who were erstwhile Mrs. Springer's pupils at Isangila and Vivi, and also her teachers in the Kifiote. They are doing a splendid work. These two are the first native Africans baptized by Bishop Hartzell.

We next visited Pungo Andongo, where the Rev. A. E. Harris and wife were in charge. In less than two weeks after our visit Brother Harris laid down his work and entered upon his eternal reward.

Pungo nestles among some famous gigantic boulders which rise from the plain like some colossal mediæval fortress, and which are visible for long distances. The Mission property is just across the street from the house (now in ruins), where Livingstone was entertained while in Pungo. This Mission offers a field for extensive evangelistic work among the surrounding villages. Sickness and

JACOB ARRIVING AT QUIONGUA AFTER A 1,500 MILE WALK

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death had so reduced the workers in Angola that for some time Pungo had been deprived of resident workers. On the death of Brother Harris, the Rev. Walter B. Williams was at once transferred from Quiongua, and recent news tells of a widespread revival under his ministry.

Fifteen miles west of Pungo is Quiongua, where the Rev. Ray B. Kipp is in charge. Here we left the four boys who had marched across with us to go to school—Jacob, Songoro, Sondo, and Jim—all of whom are doing well and are being trained for future Christian service in the neglected interior.

This station has an excellent equipment of eight or ten substantial buildings, several of them of stone quarried from an adjoining hill, and it represents for the most part the results of the personal labors of the Rev. W. P. Dodson, the Superintendent for several of its early years, and of the Rev. Amos E. Withey, the Presiding Elder of the Angola Mission during Bishop Taylor's administration, and of his son Herbert. This station was built on a foundation of faith and prayer, accompanied by hard work if ever any mission was.

Herbert C. Withey reached Angola with his parents at the age of twelve, and soon acquired a rare mastery of the language, which has enabled

him, in addition to sharing in the general activities of the Mission, to render unusual service in translation work, his latest contribution being the translation of the entire New Testament into the Kimbundu language.

Besides the growing boys' school there is a much-needed girls' school, heroically started by Mrs. Mary B. Shuett with almost no funds at all. After Mrs. Harris went to Loanda, Miss Lettie Mason was sent to Quiongua, to be with Mrs. Shuett. These two women are bravely making great advances against heathenism's stronghold—its womanhood. An urgent need here is for funds to build a girls' school.

We took the train at Quisenge, about twenty-five miles north of Pungo Andongo, and went down to Loanda, where we were met by the Rev. W. P. Dodson, who, in addition to his duties as Presiding Elder, was in charge of this station while the Rev. Robert Shields and wife were home on furlough. Associated with them were Miss Mason and Miss Samuelson (now Mrs. Schreiber) and Miss Florinda Bessa, a young colored woman of marked ability, who has been educated in our Mission. Loanda is a large city on the sea and is the capital of the province of Loanda.

The work in Loanda is most encouraging, only

so very limited in extent as compared with the field and the opportunities at hand. There is a fine, mixed day school taught in Portuguese, a Kimbundu school in the native settlement, and much evangelistic work is being done. The imperative need of a boarding-school for half-caste girls has been partly met by the gift of $5,000 toward a building by the same liberal friend who gave $5,000 for the girls' dormitory at Old Umtali. There is a young woman ready to go there, and the only lack now is the money to send her out. The native Church in Loanda has a large membership and is spiritual and aggressive.

Taking the work in Angola as a whole, I was very pleasantly surprised to find it so flourishing despite the fact that it is so sadly undermanned.

When Bishop Wm. Taylor arrived in Angola in 1885, he had with him one of the most heroic bands of missionaries to be found anywhere. At that time the trail to the interior was by way of Dondo, at the head of navigation on the Quanza River. This was also the route mapped out for the future railroad. It was the course followed by Livingstone. Bishop Taylor naturally placed his chain of mission stations along that trade route. However, political influence changed the course of the railroad and left Dondo financially wrecked

and practically abandoned by both white men and natives, so that there was nothing left for our Mission to do but to withdraw. Nangepepo was also closed, and Quiongua was considerably affected though able to survive, and recently to recover in a great measure its equilibrium.

This financial catastrophe which fell on some of the oldest settlements in Angola occurred in the latter part of Bishop Taylor's administration, when he was too weak physically to give his missionaries the support needed.

It was thus that Bishop Hartzell found them twelve years ago and the process of reconstruction began. Since then, in spite of no little opposition from various quarters, in spite of repeated efforts of traders and others to drive our people out, in spite of the great lack of funds and altogether too few workers,—much has been accomplished, and the fields of Angola are already ripe for a rich and extensive harvest if only there be the reapers to gather it in.

We were interested to learn further from the missionaries and from the records of the original purposes of Bishop Taylor and his workers in beginning the work in Angola, which was to penetrate as rapidly as possible into the very center of the continent, at least one thousand miles, building up

missions along the way to reach the people of the country traversed, and also to serve as stations in the transport of supplies to the interior.

The extension of the work due east of Loanda, past Malange, would have brought them in a thousand miles to the northern part of the mineral belt now being developed by the Tanganyika Concessions, Limited, right in the very heart of South Central Africa.

Among the districts toward the interior that it was definitely planned at that time to occupy, were the countries of the Bachiokwe, or Kioko, and of the Lunda.

At the first Conference of the mission in Loanda, in May, 1885, Dr. W. R. Summers, M. D., one of the party, lectured on the Kioko country, and three missionaries were designated for that field. The plan of immediate occupation was deferred, however, for on visiting Dondo the *Chefe* and a few other citizens waited on the Bishop with the request that he establish a mission in Dondo. "So now," the record runs. "the question was pending whether it might not be the will of God that Rev. C. L. Davenport, Mary Davenport, M. D., and C. M. McLean, whom we had thought to station in the Kioko country, should not for the present stop and found a mission in Dondo."

A few weeks later, while at Malange, "I met a man," wrote Bishop Taylor, "who had just arrived from the interior. We learned from him and from Snr. Machado that he was one of three Portuguese traders who had a store in the Lunda country, six hundred miles east, and that this man came out every year and took back a store of goods which he ordered from Lisbon and waited in Malange six months for their arrival.

"I drew out the man from the interior, and the old residents present assured me that the people in the far interior were very anxious for the establishment of schools and Christian missions among them, all of which accorded with what I had read from the pens of Livingstone and Stanley.

"So I remarked to Brother C. W. Gordon that possibly the Lord would have him mount a bull and go with said trader to Lunda country and quietly learn the language and prepare the way for a force to follow in 1887. The conclusion we reached was to put Lunda on our list of appointments and put his name down for it, subject to providential developments. As he had six months leeway, he was to proceed with the school work in Malange, master the Portuguese language, and watch the movements of the pillar and cloud."

Dr. Summers had preceded the main party to

Angola and explored extensively about and to the east of Malange. He was less patient than the others at delaying the immediate advance to the interior, and in July, 1886, having fitted out an expedition with the receipts from his practice, he pressed on to the east, through the northern part of the Lunda territory to the Tushilange country. There, several months after reaching the country, as a result largely of exhaustion arising from prolonged and constant attendance upon a patient whom he found very ill, he was stricken, and laid down his life.

The work of building up and maintaining the stations as far as Malange, 350 miles from the coast, taxed the strength and resources of the party of heroic missionaries, and while thought and prayer were ever intent upon the "regions beyond" further to the interior, yet sickness and death so reduced their ranks that, though they have held steadfastly to the hope of entering the Lunda country, that hope has not yet been realized.

On learning more about the navigable rivers of the interior, tributaries of the Congo, Bishop Taylor hoped to reach the center of the Lunda country by boat, up the Lower Congo and the Kassai, his passion ever being to reach the untouched interior.

In the early nineties one of his pioneer mission-

aries on the Lower Congo, Wm. Rasmussen, expressed it as his conviction that when the great Congo basin was fully opened up and developed, industrially and religiously, that it would be by the gradual extension of operations from the healthy plateau on the south, extending north from Cape Town, a prophecy that is now being fulfilled.

That rich and extensive mineral field on the high and healthy divide on the southern border of the Congo basin was pegged out but a few years ago, as we have seen, and large operations are being pushed for its development. The Cape-to-Cairo Railway is approaching that field from the southeast. From the mineral belt three lines of railroad will be built; one, the extension of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, will be constructed north to the navigable Lualaba, along which by boat and rail there will be connection with Stanleyville, on the Upper Congo, and from there a line of railroad will be built in a northeasterly direction to Lado, on the navigable Nile, whence there is now river and rail connection with Cairo.

Another line of railroad is proposed to run from the mineral belt in a northwesterly direction to the Lower Congo, diagonally across the very center of the Congo basin, and the third railroad is being built from the excellent natural harbor at Lobito Bay, on the west coast, and will pass along

the southern edge of the Congo basin and connect with the other lines on the mineral belt.

Thus through that remote interior of Africa, so earnestly considered and planned for two decades ago, and which was then so difficult of access, there is now being built the great steel highway of the continent that will connect the southern and northern coasts, and other lines of railroad will give direct access to this region from the east and west coasts.

From being the bloody hunting ground of slave raiders from east and west, this section is destined to become one of the greatest mining centers of the world. Favored with a central, geographical position, a high elevation, a salubrious climate, fertile soil, and a heavy rainfall, and over and above all these being what is probably the very richest copper and mineral field in the world, it can be readily foreseen that in only a very few years this will be a mining center equal to, if not eclipsing, Johannesburg.

Not only will white people of all nations flock to these mines, but also natives from all over the continent by the thousands and tens of thousands. As a strategic center for evangelistic activities and for radiating the Light of the Gospel, this mineral belt will doubtless be unsurpassed throughout the Continent of Africa.

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